

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Pandurang Hârî; or, Memoirs of a Hindoo.*  
3 vols. 12mo. London, 1825. Whitaker.

WORKS of fiction become valuable beyond their interest as a mere tale, when they are the records of historical facts, or present a true description of the age, the manners, and the peculiarities of the people where the scene is laid. It is, however, difficult to convince authors of this; they have such regard for Truth, that they will not suffer her to go naked, but clothe her in a garb of their own making; to them natural incidents seem common-place, and they are more ambitious to depict the eccentricities or peculiarities of an individual, than the general character of a people. Our dramatic writers commit the same error, and yet they cannot be ignorant that it is the truth to nature that forms one of the strongest charms of Shakspeare. His heroes are all genuine characters, and each rather represents a species than an individual. The same remark applies to the dramatic works of Sheridan, and, to come to a more recent proof, that to represent individuals as they are, rather than as they are not, is the best passport to popularity; let us advert to the little comedy of Paul Pry, produced at the Haymarket. As a drama, we admit its merits are considerable; because every incident contributes towards the *denouement*; yet the merit in this respect is more in the conception than in the dialogue, which is poor. It is, however, in the drawing of the characters, that the great merit of this comedy lies. The hero of the piece, Paul Pry, is an every-day character, whose prototype, in male or female attire, is to be found in every village; indeed his failing seems so obvious, that every person who sees the play wonders curiosity like that of Paul Pry had not long ago been personified on the stage. Then simple old bachelors, and intriguing and artful housekeepers, are, God knows, no novelty in this world; and it is owing to the striking fidelity with which these characters are represented in the comedy of Paul Pry, that it mainly owes its great and deserved popularity.

But, it may be asked, what has this exordium to do with Pandurang Hârî? to which we answer, nothing more than it is intended to illustrate the merits of a plan on which the work now before us is constructed, that of faithfully describing individuals and people as they really are.

Pandurang Hârî is a novel: the story, said to have been written by a Hindoo, in the Mahratta tongue, is fictitious, though it may embody many real incidents and some historical facts, which we believe it does. Its

great merit, independent of a narrative of continued interest, and great variety of scene and circumstance, lies in its portraiture of the Hindoo character.

In an introduction, the editor, or author, says, the hasty visitant of the secluded Brahmin has viewed him with admiration, because he is not acquainted with his real character, and has been duped by his plausibilities. The European, he says, who has been deeply conversant with the Hindoo character in all situations, must confess, that the apparent simplicity and humility of the Brahmin is a garb of hypocrisy, and that he is, in reality, selfish and vicious; this he attributes to the demoralizing character of the country, where the will of the strongest have so long been the law, that meanness, cunning, cowardice, and self-interest, seem almost necessary to carry on existence.

The main story of Pandurang Hârî, is replete with singular adventures, sometimes amusing, at others painful, but always instructive. There are, also, many episodes which will be read with pleasure. We shall not anticipate our readers in the story, but make two extracts, which are descriptive of Hindoo scenery and customs:—

'At the nautch mentioned in the last chapter, an excursion to the island of Kubbeer Burr was proposed. This place is situated some way up the river Nerbudda, and is remarkable for being entirely covered by one large banyan tree. The branches of this tree, growing downwards, take root, and become each of them a distinct trunk. From these, other branches droop, in like manner, to the ground, and thus traverse over, and shade from the sun, an immense space of ground, nearly two thousand feet in extent. It is deliciously refreshing, during the hot weather, to walk under the green arches formed by this tree, and enjoy the shade and coolness. Walk joins to walk, among green festoons, and a labyrinth of leaves and branches. Nothing could be more agreeable than parties made to spend the day on such a spot. The distance was but a pleasant sail, and the relaxation from business, and a due attention to the important duties of eating, drinking, talking, and smoking, were anticipated by all who were to join in the excursion with no small delight. As there was but little preparation necessary, matters were speedily arranged for starting. The women were to accompany us—a measure which I opposed in vain, dreading the machinations of Kokoo, who, I was convinced, remained lurking in the neighbourhood, waiting a fit opportunity to consummate his nefarious plans. Sagoonah was extremely desirous of seeing the island, and endeavoured to persuade herself

there was no danger in going thither, protected as she would be by us and two or three udalut peons. Goolchund's wife and mother were to accompany us, and, therefore, Sagoonah was determined to venture. Finding argument of no avail, I gave up the point, and prepared for the excursion. It was fixed to take place on the third day after the appeal cause came on. Hurrychund sent everything we could need to the island the day preceding, and spared no expense to render the whole party as comfortable as possible. At an early hour in the morning we set out on our excursion. It happened to be an Hindoo holiday, and no business was transacted at the court-house, so I requested Nanna to accompany us, and we both went, well armed, and, each attended by two armed peons, escorted the females to the boat. It was at the hour of five in the morning, it being necessary to go up with the tide. Owing to the darkness of the hour, which the morning mist increased, it was impossible to distinguish Sagoonah from Beema, Goolchund's wife, their figures were so much alike, and both enveloped in dark shawls. After a few hours' sail we saw the island, to the great joy of Beema and her mother, who were both ill from the boat's motion. It was agreed that those who were tired of the voyage should land at once, and ramble about the island, or enjoy themselves in the shade. On landing, I was much struck with the remarkable tree, having never seen one half its size, in any part of the Deccan. There seemed to me to be a thousand trunks, supporting an immense roof of foliage of a deep green. Not a ray of the sun could penetrate through it; all under it was in shadowy silence. The great drawback to our pleasure was, that the place abounded in snakes, so that we were ever in fear of trampling upon them, and of getting bit. This would not have been the case, however, without frequent warnings, as the boatmen and servants enhanced the danger by marvellous stories of the venom of these reptiles, as proofs that it was more powerful here than in any other part of India. One of them related a tale of a person struck dead at encountering the fiery eyes of an immense serpent covered with hair, that reached in length from one side the island to another. As if to help out the marvellous narration, a large cobra di capello brushed away from us among the underwood at the moment, and so alarmed the females, that we moved in another direction, taking a different path, and one more beaten. Our presence in this unfrequented place seemed to cause great consternation among the monkeys and birds, which haunted it in vast numbers, and of all varieties. The screams



of the disturbed and affrighted fowls as they flew off, and the chatter and grin of the monkeys, that, peeping amid the branches of the trees, seemed mocking our power to take them, were highly amusing. Though all creatures besides seemed to flee us, the bat hung by his enormous wings in certain dark hollows of the trees and densely shaded boughs, apparently insensible of our presence. The coolness and the additional feeling of gloom thrown over the deeper recesses of the foliage, were far from being agreeable on this account. The bats differed much from those which visit our streets and houses in the city, being immensely large, and measuring three or four feet from wing to wing when extended. They call them in the Deccan *wur wa-gool*. In all my wanderings I never before saw such a sight. They hung with their heads downwards in every direction by hundreds, suspended from small hooks at the extremity of their wings.

'In human life, one misery is certain to be followed by a train of half a dozen. The discomfort of our excursion to the island was followed by the illness of old Hurrychund, who had been too long exposed to the night air for one of his advanced years. He caught from the damps a severe fever, which in three days carried him off. A funeral, instead of a wedding, was now ordered to be prepared in booths in the front of his house. The sudden demise of the old man was a sad blow to us all. I had myself been fanciful enough to suppose he would recover from the attack; but, on the third day after it took place, on returning from the court, I saw the kind and emaciated old man stretched on the fatal bed of *cusa* grass, and I was convinced no hope of his recovery remained. The old man was, in fact, death-struck, and had no more time allowed him than was sufficient to make a few donations to his surviving friends and relatives. Among the former was Sagoonah's aunt, to whom he bequeathed 500 rupees.

'None of the sacred water of the Ganges being at hand, the ceremony of sprinkling his head was omitted from necessity, but the *sala grama* stone was placed near him, and all the ceremonies performed which the friendship of his relations could prompt and had the means of executing. Holy strains were chanted, and sacred hymns poured into the ear of the dying; leaves of hallowed trees were scattered over his head, and every attention religiously paid him in his expiring moments. As soon as he was dead, the body was washed, perfumed, and decked with flowers; a ruby put into his mouth, together with coral, and small pieces of gold thrust into his nostrils and eyes. Goolchund, the nearest relative, as usual, brought the cloth sprinkled with fragrant oil, and threw it over the corpse: two hours afterwards they conveyed the body to the funeral pile; it was raised up by his relatives, and placed on a wooden bier for the procession. It now moved slowly on, with fire and food borne before it in an unbaked earthen vessel, accompanied by the sound of drums, cymbals, and wind and stringed instruments. The funeral passed out through the eastern gate of

the city to its place of destination. The corpse being laid upon a bed of *cusa*, with its head towards the south, the relatives of the deceased bathed in the river on the banks of which the funeral pile was to be prepared. They then began to mark out lines, upon which the wood was placed. The pile being ready, they washed the body, clothed it in clean linen, rubbing it with perfumes, and then placed it on the wood with the head to the north. Goolchund then threw the cloth over the corpse; and taking up a lighted brand, invoked all the holy places, saying, "May the gods, with mouths of fire, consume this body!" He then walked three times round the pile, looked towards the south, and, dropping on his left knee, applied a torch to the wood near the head of the corpse, while the attendant priests recited the proper prayers. During the time the wood was consuming, several of the relations of the deceased having taken seven pieces of the wood, walked slowly round the pile and threw them over their shoulders upon the fire, saying, "All hail to thee who consumeth flesh!" All who had followed or touched the body were obliged to walk round the pile, keeping their left hands towards it, but not looking at the fire. They then proceeded to the river, bathed, and returned home in procession, having performed many minor ceremonies, such as sipping water, &c., too minute to mention. On arriving at the house of the deceased, the funeral cakes were baked, and food put aside on a leaf for the crows. Cake was thrown into water, and milk and water were suspended at the door of the house in earthen vessels every evening, until the time of mourning expired. This endured for ten days, and mournful days they were to us all.'

We might add to these extracts, but, we doubt not, they will be sufficient to recommend the work.

*The Pamphleteer*, No. 51. London, 1825. Sherwood and Co.

THE Fifty-first Number of this excellent depositary of the current political literature of the day contains six pamphlets, on as many different subjects. The last two are, perhaps, the most interesting; one is a Biographical Memoir of the Marquis de la Fayette, and the other, Considerations on the Policy of the Government of India, more especially with reference to the Invasion of Burmah, by Lieutenant-Colonel M. Stewart. The latter is a well-written pamphlet; the author takes an able view of the former state of India, and the means by which our ascendancy has been gained in that country. After tracing the progress of events to the present period, and showing, that all that has been done has not placed us in a state of security, Colonel Stewart says:—

'It is at this juncture, and in this state of India, that we have undertaken the invasion of Burmah. Of the nature of that step we shall best be able to judge, by considering it in two points of view, as a measure of policy, and as a military operation. It is not at all intended to dispute the necessity which may have existed of resorting to hostilities, or the

paramount duty imposed on our government of affording effectual protection, from foreign violence, to the people whose public revenue we have appropriated, and whose arms we have taken out of their hands. But the object is to show that we are now arrived at a point when that view alone ought most religiously to limit all our wars; and that a departure from this principle will carry along with it its own punishment.

'As a measure of policy, the merits of this war may be estimated by the advantages to be gained by success, compared with the consequences to be apprehended from failure, and the probabilities of the one or the other of these results; but, failing or succeeding, an objection lies to it, *in limine*, as a departure from the only safe principle on which our foreign policy can rest. If we pass, in the progress of aggrandisement and aggression that impregnable boundary within which we are secure, where are we to end? unless, like the Medes and the Persians, we are to extend our ambition to the conquest of Asia. The difficulties of the frontier, by which the countries are divided, may be sufficiently understood from the fact of our transporting our troops to the scene of action by sea, and supporting the war by a sea communication; but had the frontier been open, it would have been better to have fortified the whole line, from the Garrows to the sea, than to have carried an army into the enemies' country, with a view of reducing it to subjection. Nature, however, had rendered any such measure unnecessary; the country is, in general, covered with thick and impenetrable jungle. From the elbow of the Burhampooter, downwards, the hills, though less lofty, continue to the coast, to the southward and eastward of Islamabad; and between this country and our more interior provinces come all the multitude of streams by which the waters of the Ganges and Burhampooter are disembogued. In all this line there is, I believe, but one road communicating between the territories, and that a very bad one, through Sylhet; and if there be any paths by which small bodies might have passed the limits, they cannot be numerous; nor could the danger, apprehended from such incursions, be serious. The facilities to defensive operations were, therefore, great; bodies of cavalry, stationed at those inlets where cavalry could act, and of light-infantry where they could not, must have afforded a certainty of cutting in pieces whatever dared to violate the security of the British territory; and, by blockading the mouths of their rivers with a few small cruizers, they might have been taught, at little expense, how easily we could make them feel the evils of provoking our enmity. As for their contemptible boast of marching a force through India to the conquest of England, it surely deserved only to be treated as a proof of the pitiable folly and ignorance that was, in truth, just as capable of accomplishing the one part of the threat as the other.

'On this frontier, then, we could easily prevent any serious impression being made—let us see what was to be expected by advancing beyond it. The country, which con-

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stitutes the empire of Burmah, stretches from the ninth to the twenty-sixth degree of north latitude, and in its greatest breadth from 92° to 104° of east longitude. Its length is upwards of one thousand miles, and its mean width between three and four hundred. On the west (to the southward of our frontier) it is bounded by the sea, and to the north by Assam and Thibet; and it is in contact, on its other side, for a great extent of country, with the empire of China, the Cochin Chinese, Siam, and Malaya. It comprises the former kingdoms of Arracan, Pegue, and Ava, and a considerable territory conquered from Siam. It is computed to contain about sixteen millions of inhabitants. This may be an exaggeration; but there is no reason why it should, for the country lies in a climate favourable to a much denser population. It is watered by many noble rivers, and large tracts are under a rice cultivation. Of the surrounding states very little is known, but their universal jealousy of all foreign intercourse; and that, among the Cochin Chinese, there has always been a considerable French interest, founded by the missionaries.

'Such is the new theatre of action, on which we have entered in the east. It is sufficiently clear, that, were we to succeed in obtaining military possession of the country, there are but three uses we could make of the advantage;—either to dictate terms of peace—to dismember the empire, and revive the former principalities, of which it is composed—or to retain the country as a conquest.'

Colonel Stewart evidently thinks the keeping the possession of the Birman empire no easy matter, and dismemberment impracticable. Alluding to the means of indemnifying the company for the expenses of the war, he says:—

'Were we to attempt to exact from the enemy, as a condition of peace, a pecuniary compensation for the losses of war, we should find it impossible to indemnify ourselves in this way. The country has none of those sources from which wealth may be derived, which existed in India, where the industrious habits of the people, and the long period of successful commerce which they carried on with all the world, (while, as yet, the prolific powers of machinery had not come in competition with the perfection of their manual dexterity), poured, from all nations, a continual stream of the precious metals into the treasures of her princes and her temples, the great reservoirs, where they continued to stagnate till some sudden emergency called them forth, or the rapacious hand of an invader was invited by the spoil. The Burmese are precisely in that state of society in which they have little to lose but their lives or their liberty. The exportations are almost solely the rude produce of the country, and of that description which it requires no labour to raise. Their taxes are almost entirely paid in kind, and necessarily exchanged for the labour required in the service of government. Supposing, therefore, our success the most complete; supposing that we had obtained possession of the country, and of the person of the king, I do not see what benefit we

could derive to compensate for the war, from the most absolute power of naming our conditions. Such a conclusion would, no doubt, save the credit of our arms; but it will not, it may be supposed, be urged as a satisfactory account of the policy of a war, that we engaged in it for no other purpose, than that we might, in the end, get creditably out of it.'

Of the general character of the native troops and the difficulties of the present war, Col. Stewart says:—

'It is sufficiently known, that an East Indian army is habitually attended by an immense concourse of camp-followers. Three camp-followers to one fighting-man is, certainly, in Bengal, a moderate average. Such have been the habits of war in the country, from the earliest times, and the effect of long experience has been to mature a system of purveyance by which it is rendered perfectly convenient. The establishments of travelling grain-merchants and moving bazaars, connecting themselves with all the subordinate descriptions of industry in the country, make an Indian camp, like a shifting city, in which all the wants of native life are as well or better supplied than in the cantonments of a regiment. The sudden and severe privations to which the sepoy has been, at times, exposed, have been borne with amazing patience; but the restrictions of caste render him dependent on the labour of many others; and neither by religion or physical constitution is he qualified for contending with continued hardship.'

'The nature of the country, for the invasion of which a force composed of such materials is to be employed, is the next point for consideration. It is eleven hundred miles long, three or four hundred broad, intersected by many large rivers, imperfectly cultivated, and covered in many places by immense forests. It is destitute of forts, or strong places of any sort, like those common in every part of India, which our superior military science enabled us to reduce, and which, once in our possession, were impregnable in our hands. The cities are chiefly built of wood; and their possession or destruction would entail no military consequence beyond the loss of property it might occasion to the enemy, and the moral effect of the impression on their minds. There is no wealth to stimulate the ardour of the soldier, or to reward his toils. The country is known to be excessively deficient in beasts of burden; it is subject to the periodical rains common in tropical regions, and to extensive inundations; large tracts of it are flat and marshy, and cultivated with rice, and the branches of the separate rivers run into one another; wheel-carriages are not in common use; and the roads are few and bad. The cultivation is not continuous; but carried on in the open spaces best adapted to the purpose, the inhabitants of any one of which may easily retire, or be driven away to another, and the crop destroyed if it cannot be removed. A country of such a military character as this, is the best defence an uncivilized people can possess. There is nothing in it tangible for a regular army; no footing in it, by which it can make good the ground which it acquires. There is none of

the machinery by which it operates; no *points d'appui*; no depôts for the formation of magazines, or the reception of the wounded and the sick, or on which a beaten or exhausted division may fall back. There are no roads; uncertain supplies; and, unless the enemy commits the error of coming to a general action, or risks one to save his towns, no serious impression can be made upon it. A warfare in such a country must necessarily be laborious, and attended with many duties of fatigue to the troops, independent of their marches and their battles; provisions must often be carried; stores must be brought up; they must hut themselves in the rains; roads must be made and repaired; and none of these duties will the Sepoys willingly perform. To carry with them the comforts to which they have been used in the military service of their native country, is impossible; and therefore any protracted operation, or any distant inroad, must be attended with difficulty, and much dissatisfaction. All these disadvantages must be greatly increased by the necessity of supporting the army by a sea-communication; supplies must be forwarded to the fleet, and the fleet must be converted into a floating arsenal, from whence the advancing army must bring up its stores and recruits, and with which it must keep the route open. It is said, that the object in transporting the army by sea, was to send it up the Irrawaddy in boats, for the reduction of Ummerapoora; but how was a communication for four hundred miles to be maintained up a river of great rapidity? and where were craft sufficient for the transport of a force at all adequate to such a purpose, or that could be safely committed so far in the enemy's territory, to be found? The only way of commanding the navigation of a river is by getting possession of its banks; and that, in the present instance, is tantamount, very nearly, to the conquest of the country.'

Colonel Stewart is evidently acquainted with the tenure by which our Indian possessions are held, and he reasons on the subject like a statesman and a soldier.

*Christmas Tales*, 1825. To be continued annually. 12mo. pp. 372. London. Ackermann.

THE approaching season, the great festival of the Christian world, is not merely distinguished by its ceremonies, and by that fare with which our bodies are refreshed, but it has its intellectual viands, which are as liberally and as regularly supplied by those active purveyors, the booksellers. These viands are so varied, that he must be very fastidious, who does not find enough to satisfy his appetite, be it dainty or voracious.

Among the most popular of the annual productions are those of which the *Forget Me Not* was the first, and which has since met with so many imitators and such extensive patronage. Every succeeding autumn or winter, however, brings forth some new production competing for public favour. One for the present year is now before us under the title of *Christmas Tales*.

The work, as a short preface announces, 'consists partly of original articles, which



were destined for insertion in the *Forget Me Not*, the first and the most popular of the new class of annual publications that has recently sprung up in this country, but which, from superabundance of materials and other causes, could not be introduced into that work; and partly of translations from foreign writers, eminent for their productions in this branch of literature.—The work contains ten well-written interesting tales, varying in subject and style, but all very well told. Of these, the *Village Executioner* is perhaps the best; the *Insurrection*, or *Scenes in Jamaica*, by Miss Elizabeth Sheridan Carey, is also very spiritedly written, and, indeed, the same remark will apply generally. The tales are, however, too long for insertion in *The Literary Chronicle*, with one or two exceptions. That which we select, though not the best, will not discredit Christmas Tales as a specimen. It is entitled—

‘THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

By a French Naval Officer.

‘After the disastrous battle of Aboukir, in which I had witnessed the heroic death of my captain, the brave Dupetit Thouars, I returned to France with other wounded officers, whom the English released on their parole. On our landing at Marseilles, a lucky accident caused me to meet with Mercourt, the dearest of the friends of my youth, who had been necessitated by a pulmonary complaint to try the effect of the mild air of Provence. After the first salutation, which was certainly more cordial on my part than on his, we resolved to travel together to Amiens, our native city.

‘Mercourt had devoted himself to the law, and was at this time judge of the criminal court of Amiens. His irritable temper, the consequence of ill health and the habit of sitting in judgment on offenders, had communicated such a sternness and asperity to his manner and speech, as were far from prepossessing; and though he was naturally kind and humane, yet it was easy to perceive that he had no great regard for his fellow-creatures in general.

‘I burned with impatience to be once more in the bosom of my family. Our preparations for the journey were soon made; we quitted the same evening the ancient city of the Phœnicians, and pursued, in the Diligence, the road to Paris. Near the door of the inn where we stopped next morning to breakfast, I observed a handsome youth, of thirteen or fourteen, sitting on a stone bench: he was tolerably well dressed, but the dust which covered his clothes, his heated face, his weary look, and the little bundle lying beside him, plainly indicated that he must have walked a great way. “Where do you come from, my little friend?” said I to him. —“From Orange, sir.”—“And have you travelled all that distance on foot?”—“Not all the way, sir. I got a lift now and then.” —“Poor fellow! What obliges you, who are yet so young, to travel in this manner?” —“Ah, sir, an uncle, who undertook to provide for me, has all at once sent me away; and I am going back to my mother at Amiens.”—“At Amiens!” I repeated with astonishment. This circumstance, and the

interest with which the mild look and pleasing physiognomy of the boy had inspired me, suggested an idea which I immediately carried into execution. After I had conducted him into the kitchen, and ordered him to be supplied with breakfast, I called the coachman aside, and bargained with him for a small sum to give the boy a place in the Diligence, in which my friend and myself were the only passengers.

‘Having finished our repast, we again got into the coach. No sooner did Mercourt espy my little protégé, than he pierced through him with that look, with which he imagined he could discover guilt in the deepest recesses of the soul of an accused person. “Hollo, young one,” cried he in a sharp tone—“Who are you?”—“George Brument, sir.”—“Where do you come from?”—“From Orange, sir.”—“And why the devil did you not stay there?”—“My uncle has sent me away,” replied the boy, forgetting for the first time to add the word sir.—“Aha! you’ve been playing some scurvy trick or other, I warrant me, you young rascal. Is it not so?”—“Good God! no!” replied the poor fellow, in a tremulous tone, as if ready to cry.—“You are going to Amiens,” continued his merciless interrogator; “but who is to take care of you there?”—“My mother, who works in the garden of General Laplace.”—“And so you mean to make your poor mother keep you?”—“No,” said the boy, with a decisive look and tone—“that I do not. I am small but strong, and I will work for my living.”—“And what, pray, will you do?”—“Something—anything.”—“Hem!—why, yes, I dare say you will do something. You look to me for all the world like a young scoundrel, and I would lay any wager that, in my official capacity, I shall some time or other have to send you to the galleys:—I can read it in your countenance.”—At these words, pronounced in a prophetic tone, the boy coloured up to the ears. I observed how he mechanically clenched his fist, as he cast at Mercourt a look of profound contempt. For my part, this horrible prediction made almost the same impression upon me as on the poor fellow to whom it was addressed.

‘Nothing particular occurred during the rest of the journey. In a few days we reached Amiens. While we were engaged in looking after our luggage, our young companion disappeared, and several years of active service elapsed before I heard of him again.

‘On my return, after this interval, I paid a visit to one of my friends, who was a wealthy merchant. I was agreeably surprised to discover in his cashier the boy I had picked up on the road from Marseilles. M. Durand, to whom I did not communicate this circumstance, paid the highest encomiums to the zeal, the intelligence, and particularly the integrity of young Brument. I was quite delighted; and took good care not to betray my knowledge of George, lest I should hurt his feelings by reminding him of so disagreeable a rencontre.

‘I accompanied the unfortunate expedition to St. Domingo, where I had the mortification to see part of our naval force annihi-

lated; and after being for some time a prisoner in Jamaica, returned to France. I obtained leave of absence for two or three months, but the minister refused me permission to spend it in my native place, so that I could pass but a few days at Amiens on my way to Antwerp, where I was appointed to one of the ships which were collecting in that harbour, and which formed the nucleus of the Scheld flotilla.

‘The morning after my arrival, Mercourt, with whom I breakfasted, invited me to accompany him to the court, where an important criminal case was to be tried. “It is that of a young man,” said he, “who is charged with forgery and the falsification of papers, with a view to appropriate to himself a considerable sum of money. The affair has made a great sensation in the town.”

‘When we reached the court, we found it thronged to excess; but, at Mercourt’s desire, one of the officers made room for me near the place allotted to the accused. Scarcely was I seated before the prisoner was brought in. Every eye was fixed upon him. I shall not attempt to describe the astonishment and pain which I felt on seeing George Brument take the melancholy place. With the rapidity of lightning the prediction of Mercourt darted across my mind. “Gracious God!” thought I, “is that prediction about to be verified?” I could not turn my eyes from the unfortunate young man. He seemed to be firm and composed, but was grown very thin; his eyes were sunk and hollow, and his cheeks pale. He held down his head; but when he raised it to answer the first question addressed to him, he seemed to be petrified on recognising Mercourt in the person of his judge. He trembled in every limb; the paleness of death overspread his face; and in this state he continued during the whole of the trial. At length, after much pleading, he was acquitted for want of sufficient evidence, and on the ground of his former irreproachable character. This decision, which the accused heard without the least sign of interest, filled me with the liveliest joy. I sprang from my seat, and hastened to seize George’s hand, which was colder than marble. “Young man, you are acquitted: the court has pronounced you innocent!” cried I, in a transport of joy—“But will the world ever believe that I am?” rejoined he.—“Never doubt it: the world will strive to make you amends for your unmerited sufferings.”—A deep sigh was his only answer—As I had prophesied, George became from that moment an object of the notice and kindness of all the inhabitants of Amiens. M. Durand himself clasped him in his embrace, and solicited his pardon. He promised him all possible indemnification, and conjured him to go back with him to his house; but George turned a deaf ear to all his entreaties.

‘Soon after this event, young Brument’s uncle died, and left him all his property. He now commenced business on his own account. All his speculations were crowned with the most brilliant success; and while I was traversing the seas, he was amassing considerable wealth, became the husband of an

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amiable woman, and father of three children, who authorised the entertainment of the fairest hopes. But though he called everything his that is capable of conferring happiness in this world, yet poor George seemed to be continually oppressed by melancholy, and, as it were, crushed by the overwhelming remembrance of that distressing circumstance.

On the conclusion of peace, I settled at Amiens; but in the state of mind in which Brument then was, I avoided meeting, and never visited him. One day he sent to request me to call on him. I went and found him on his death-bed. Though still young, he fell a sacrifice to a lingering disease, the cause of which it was not difficult to guess. "I need not tell you," said he, as I approached his bed, "that I am the poor boy to whom you showed such kindness twenty-one years ago. I am well aware that you knew me again. I feel that I must die, and have sent for you to ease my heart of a load which oppresses it. You found me with M. Durand, who raised me from indigence, and whose bounty to me, as well as his confidence, was unlimited. You saw me afterwards accused of a heinous crime, and tried by the rigid Mercourt. He no longer knew me, but I had not forgotten his features; and from the moment I beheld him, his tremendous prediction rolled like thunder in my ear, and seemed to be written in characters of fire, which way soever I turned my eyes.

"When I was acquitted, you strove with all your power to raise me from the despondence which you attributed to the distress occasioned by so foul an imputation on my character. But know, sir, that though my judges pronounced me innocent, I was really guilty, and Mercourt had prophesied truly. After my acquittal, when I received the congratulations of my friends, and my venerable mother strained me to her heart, and thanked Heaven that her son was innocent, I then fondly imagined, that if I returned to the path of virtue, I might still enjoy happy days; but divine justice reserved for me a signal punishment. My benefactors, and among them the man who had treated me as his own son, and thus cherished a viper in his bosom, came to beg my pardon and to solicit my friendship. The remorse which I felt at that moment surpassed the horrors of the most cruel torture, and broke down my spirits for ever.

"Since that period, Heaven, in its inscrutable decrees, has nevertheless heaped its blessings on my guilty head; but all that would have conferred happiness on another only served to render me more wretched. The caresses of my wife and children redoubled my despair, by reminding me more strongly of my crime; and the word *robber* seemed to stare me in the face on every bank-note and every bill of exchange that I touched. M. Durand, who has been ruined by various reverses of fortune, is living in a state very different from that opulence which he once enjoyed: I have secretly supported him till the present time. Take these papers; their value is about equal to the sum of which I defrauded him: deliver them to him, but let him not know from whom they come!

Out of affection for my children, I should not wish my memory to be branded with shame."

I promised the wretched Brument to fulfil this commission. He expired in a few days, and was buried with a pomp suitable to his wealth. His remains were attended by numerous friends, and by many a tear of gratitude—for generous sentiments were associated in his heart with that guilty propensity which led him into a criminal act. He was gentle, compassionate, and humane: but, without content and self-control, the most amiable virtues are not a sufficient defence in the hour of temptation."

*Cheap Corn best for Farmers, proved in a Letter to George Holme Sumner, Esq. M.P. for the County of Surrey.* By one of his Constituents. 8vo. pp. 37. London, 1825. Ridgway.

In noticing a small pamphlet, last week, on a similar subject to the one now before us, we pressed rather hard on the farmers—some persons think too much so, when we noticed the difference in their style of living now and formerly. Although we will not concede one observation we made on this subject, yet it would, perhaps, be well to remark, that an increased expenditure, which must be provided for by a larger profit, and, of consequence, an additional tax on the consumer, is not confined to the farmer! it pervades the tradesman and the shopkeeper. Half a century ago the London shopkeepers in the city of London resided in the city, and had their apprentices and shopmen under their immediate eye—now there is scarcely one of them that has not got his country house, and very frequently his two or four-wheeled vehicle to convey him backwards and forwards; here, then, is an increased and unnecessary expenditure, the whole of which must, we repeat, come from the pockets of the consumer of the goods in which this tradesman deals, by his laying on a greater profit. Nothing can be a stronger proof of this emigration from the city to the suburbs as a residence, than the decreasing population of the former. It appears by the tables of the population, ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, in July, 1822, that the population of the city of London within the walls, was, in 1700, 139,300; in 1750, 87,000; in 1801, 78,000; in 1811, 57,700; and in 1821, 58,400. From this statement, the correctness of which may be relied on, it will be seen, that although the population of the city had gained 700 in the last ten years, that it was still little more than a third of what it was a century and a quarter ago. That it will decrease much more we doubt not, and a few years may see the city nothing but a collection of wholesale and retail shops and warehouses, without any other resident inmates than a few young men and a staid matron in each.

The author of the pamphlet before us is anxious to vindicate the farmers, and, no doubt, goes far to show that they have no real advantages in the high price of grain. The deductions he makes from arguments which we acknowledge to be cogent, are,

1. That the land-owners' monopoly of corn

is the heaviest tax which the people have to pay.

2. That the land-owners, and their families, are the only persons who gain by this tax.

3. That all other classes, including farmers, are injured by this tax.

4. That, of all taxes, it is the one which presses hardest upon the labourers.

5. That the gain to the landlord from this tax is not so great as the loss to the people.

From all which considerations alone, (without reckoning in which way this tax strikes at the root of the growing prosperity of the country, and impedes its advance in wealth, by which advance only the enormous burden of its debt can become tolerable,) it follows, that the immediate abolition of the monopoly of corn which the landlords now enjoy under the present corn laws, is a measure of bare justice and absolute necessity."

Alluding to what the farmer ought to do, he says,

"Until the ports are open, no farmer, who knows his own interest, will bind himself by a lease; if he does, he ought to take it at a corn rent; that is, with a lease fluctuating with the price of corn; if he does not do this, he puts his fortune, and the independence of himself and children, at the mercy of his landlord, or of the bank directors, or of the government. By a corn rent only can he be safe; and a law ought certainly to be passed to prevent his being called upon, at any time, for a higher rent than is proportionate to the price that corn bore at the time when he entered upon his lease."

The STAR newspaper has lately prepared the agricultural world to expect a substantial change in the corn laws, and, indeed, Mr. Huskisson hinted as much in parliament last session; the fact is, that by excluding foreign grain, we are not only preventing other nations from taking our manufactures, but we are really preventing them from cultivating the growth of corn; if this system lasts, we shall in a year of dearth, (and so little do we know of the inscrutable ways of Providence, that we cannot foresee such an event) look in vain to Dantzic and Odessa for a supply; besides, on what principle can we open our ports to foreign silks, and shut them against the staff of life—foreign grain. On this subject, the writer of the pamphlet before us, well observes,

"A country, which freely admits the corn of all nations into its markets, can scarcely ever be exposed to either of the opposite evils of excessive dearth, or ruinous depression of price. If there be a bad harvest in one country, there is a good one in another; and the surplus produce of the latter, supplies the deficiency of the former: thus saving the one country from the evils of famine, and relieving the agriculturalists of the other from the ruin attendant on an extraordinary abundance, and fall of prices. But a nation which shuts out foreign corn, denies itself the power of supplying its wants from the resources of foreign countries, and becomes dependant upon the goodness or badness of the harvest in its own country, which in different seasons may vary so much as to cause the ruin of thousands.



'The present system is productive of double mischief. By preventing importation, it aggravates all the evils of scarcity when the home crops are deficient; whilst by raising prices, and thereby forcing the cultivation of poor soils, it prevents exportation in a year of unusual plenty, and teaches the farmers to look on the bounty of God as a curse instead of a blessing. So long as the present system lasts, we shall have the same changes, from ruinously low to oppressively high prices, which we have experienced since 1815. At one time we shall be stunned with the complaints of the landlords; and when these have subsided, we shall be assailed with the louder and more dangerous cries of a starving populace.'

There is no doubt, that if the farmers could see their own interest, they would not consider the high price of corn as essential to promote it; in fact, the landowner gains most by it. Our author shows the small proportion this favoured class bears to the population collectively:—

'The persons who alone derive advantage from dear corn, are the owners, together with their families, of the lands on which it is grown; all other persons in the united kingdoms, including farmers, would derive advantage from cheap corn. The population of the united kingdoms consists of 20,468,949. The number of owners of lands which grow corn, is about 72,804; allowing five individuals to compose each of their families, it follows that 364,020 persons wish for dear corn, and 20,104,929 persons wish for cheap corn.

Again,

'Corn is a very bulky article; the cost of its carriage from abroad would amount to from 7s. to 11s. a quarter, ensuring thereby to the growers here, that higher price than it bears there. If we were to import corn, we should create a demand for it abroad, and consequently raise its price there; and it could not be imported and sold in this country at a lower price than 52s. per quarter on an average. Wheat was sold at a late market in Uxbridge at 90s. per quarter; this enormous difference, (between 52s. and 90s. which, if it run over the whole quantity of wheat grown, would amount to nineteen million sterling per annum,) is a tax levied upon the consumers of corn, and divided amongst the landlords: but even at the average price in the Gazette of 69s. 3d., the difference amounts to £8,625,000, a sum considerably exceeding that raised on any other article, without taking into the account the effect of the corn laws on other sorts of corn, as well as on other species of agricultural produce.

'If the landlords be entitled to have this sum divided amongst them every year, let them have it; but do not let it be raised by a tax on corn; by a tax on the first necessary of life; by a tax on that which makes four parts out of five of the whole consumption of a labourer. If the income of a landlord be £10,000 a year, he does not spend one hundredth part of that sum in wheat; whereas, if the income of a labourer be 10s. a week, he spends 8s. in flour alone. Let the sum which

the landlords are entitled to, be raised by an income tax; by a tax on servants, horses, wine, or anything rather than corn. It is enough to goad the people to insurrection to continue to levy it on corn.'

We shall not encroach further on this short pamphlet, than by a brief extract, illustrative of the mercenary character of speculators. Mr. Canning, in one of his recent speeches in parliament, said he would not look for security to the morality of money-lenders, who, if Ferdinand of Spain showed signs of strength, would furnish capital to enable him to strangle infant liberty in South America. Our author illustrates this principle by the following anecdote, which we quote in conclusion:—

'During the last war in Canada, the American and English armies were in sight of each other for a considerable time, and neither could move for want of money. The English general applied to the English merchants for some dollars, offering an enormous interest for the loan on the part of government. The merchants demanded a still higher interest; the aid-de-camp, afraid to agree without fresh orders, rode back to the general. Whilst he was gone, the American general offered to the English merchants the interest they required, and he obtained the money. The American army was the first in motion to attack the English by means of the money obtained from English merchants. During the former part of the American war, it was very well known that English money was lent to the government of the United States to carry on the war with this country.'

*Letters on Entomology, intended for the Amusement and Instruction of Young Persons, and to facilitate their acquiring a Knowledge of the Natural History of Insects.* 12mo. pp. 160. London, 1825. Whittaker.

THERE is perhaps no study in itself so interesting, or so well calculated to show the omnipotence and the bounty of Providence, as natural history; so strongly, indeed, was our great epic poet, Milton, convinced of this, that he said—

'In contemplation of created things,  
By steps we may ascend to God.'

The field of natural history is, however, vast and varied, and each branch has its admirers: in animated nature it presents all that is grand and stupendous by its magnitude, as well as extraordinary by its minuteness, and shows how infinitely the mechanism of nature surpasses that of art; in nothing is this so remarkable as in entomology, the subject of the work before us.

This neat little work is not intended as a system of entomology, which it treats in a popular, and, consequently, to the general reader, more attractive manner. It contains a brief abstract of the more elaborate works on the subject, embodying an account of the more prominent features, character, and instincts of the various sorts of insects, written in a familiar manner. To young persons it cannot fail of proving interesting, and may induce many to study the subject scientifically. As a specimen of the author's style we shall make one or two extracts; the first

is from the introductory letter, which treats of the utility of insects:—

'If men had not long ago watched the habits, and taken advantage of the labour of insects, we should have wanted many of the luxuries and comforts we now enjoy. Who would have believed that a caterpillar, so small as the silkworm, could furnish one of the greatest articles of commerce, and give occasion to so many different arts and manufactures, enabling thousands of people to live by honest industry?

'Honey and wax are without doubt most useful to us, and we should never have had them if men had not observed bees in their wild state, and made their peculiar habits subservient to their own use, by bringing them into hives.

'Gum lac, of which sealing-wax is made, is produced by a winged ant; and cochineal, of which there is so great a consumption, is an insect which multiplies very fast. Even the ink I now write with, I principally owe to an insect which forms the galls of which it is made; but one of the most ancient and singular uses ever made of the labour of insects, is that of ripening figs in the Greek islands, and other eastern countries, where the harvest of that fruit is of great consequence to the people. They plant two kinds of fig-trees, the wild and the cultivated sort. The wild tree bears fruit many times in the year, and in them grubs are born, which turn to flies. These flies are considered necessary to the ripening of the garden figs, which generally fall before their maturity, if these insects do not pierce them at the proper time. In the months of June and July, the country people gather wild figs, and stringing them on straws or sticks, place them on the garden fig-trees. They take great care every evening to look for the wild figs ready for gathering, that is when a fly is ready to come out, and also, to observe when the other trees are properly ripe; for if the transfer is not made at the right time, the garden figs will fall. This custom is evidently established by long experience, as the peasants anxiously watch all the rest of the year, whether the wild figs will be likely to produce flies in time, and the number of them determines the harvest of fruit. Indeed so necessary are these insects, that if they fail, the people have but one resource, which is, to spread over the trees a common plant called the ascolombros, the fruit of which contains flies fit for the purpose.'

In the account of that extraordinary but somewhat obnoxious insect, the spider, our author relates some singular anecdotes of the minuteness of their manufacture and of their instinct:—

'What can be more astonishing than the discoveries made by Leeuwenhoek's microscope? He calculates that the threads of the smallest spider, some of which are not larger than a grain of sand, are so fine that four millions of them would not equal one hair of the beard. Each of these threads is formed of four thousand others, the fineness of which it is impossible to conceive; but I should first describe the spinning apparatus. Under the spider's abdomen there

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are four or six little orifices or spinners, every one of which is furnished with a multitude of tubes, so numerous and so exquisitely fine, that Reaumur counted a thousand in a space not bigger than a pin's point. From each of these proceeds an inconceivably fine thread, which immediately unites with all the rest. Four of these threads again unite lower down, and form the common one we see in the webs, which though sometimes nearly invisible, is composed of at least four thousand others! The house spider fixes her thread to one side of a corner, and walking along the wall to the other, draws it across and fixes the other end. This thread she renders strong by repeating the operation two or three times, and then draws threads from it in various directions, the interstices of which she fills up by running from one to the other, and thus connecting them. You may often see the garden spiders at work in the mornings of autumn, and it is highly amusing to watch them. They often have to extend their main line across places apparently unconnected, between branches of trees, between buildings, and even plants growing in the water. The way in which they perform this is shown by putting a spider on the top of a stick, having the lower end in a vessel of water. After trying all other modes of escape, it will dart out numerous fine threads, so light as to float in the air, some one of which attaching itself to a neighbouring object, furnishes a bridge for its escape.

'One spider actually makes a room, with a door turning on a hinge, however surprising it may appear to you. This room is a subterraneous gallery, upwards of two feet in length, and half an inch broad. This tunnel, which is very large compared to the insect, is dug by her strong jaws in a steep bank of clay. The next operation is to line the whole with a web of fine silk, which serves the double purpose of preventing the earth from falling in, and by its connexion with the orifice, giving notice of what is passing. The door is formed of several coats of dried earth, fastened together with silk: when finished, its outline is as perfectly round as if traced with compasses; the inside is convex and smooth, the outside flat and rough, and so like the surrounding earth as not to be distinguishable. This door the ingenious spider fixes at the entrance by a hinge of silk, which allows it to be opened and shut with ease; and, as if acquainted with the laws of gravity, she invariably fixes the hinge at the highest side of the opening, which you may remember is sloping, so that the door, when pushed up, shuts again with its own weight. She also leaves a little edge or groove, just within the entrance, upon which the door closes, and fits with the greatest precision. If the door is a little raised, the observer immediately feels a strong resistance, which is the spider pulling with all her might to keep it close; but when she finds it in vain, she runs off. If the door is fastened down, there will be a new door the next morning. This singular habitation is merely an abode for the spider, which hunts in the night, and carries the prey to devour

at leisure at the bottom of her den, where the remains are often found. This species is not uncommon in the south of France.'

We have only to add that this interesting little work is embellished with coloured engravings of several classes of insects.

*The Spirit of the Public Journals for the Year 1825; being an Impartial Selection of the most Exquisite Essays, Jeux d'Esprit, and Tales of Humour—Prose and Verse. With Explanatory Notes.* 8vo. pp. 560. London, 1826. Sherwood and Co.

THE periodical press is so varied and abundant, that it must lack prodigiously of talent, if it did not, in the course of twelve months, furnish a very interesting volume. That it does, the work before us, and its two predecessors for the years 1823 and 1824, fully prove. In a book of this sort, industry and taste are all that are required: the editor was never deficient in the former, and the volume for 1825 shows that in the latter he is improved. The police articles formed a prominent feature in the former volumes; but, as they are not of the chastest character, the editor has, with one or two exceptions, omitted them. The work contains a very choice selection of the best articles in all the daily, weekly, and monthly journals, including several from *The Literary Chronicle*. The whole forms a most amusing work, and is a faithful epitome of the light reading of the public press for the present year. The following are a few extracts. The first is from the John Bull:—

'BUBBLES FOR 1825.

'TUNE—"Run, Neighbours, run"

'Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a share

In all the famous projects that amuse John Bull;

Run, take a peep on 'Change, for anxious crowds beset us there,

Each trying which can make himself the greatest gull.

No sooner are they puff'd, than a universal wish there is

For shares in mines, insurances in foreign loans and fisheries.

No matter where the project lies, so violent the mania,

In Africa, New Providence, Peru, or Pennsylvania!

Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a share

In all the famous bubbles that amuse John Bull.

'Few folks for news very anxious at this crisis are, For marriages, and deaths, and births, no thirst exists;

All take the papers in, to find out what the prices are

Of shares in this or that, upon the brokers' lists.

The doctor leaves his patient—the pedagogue his lexicon,

For mines of Real Monte, or for those of Anglo-Mexican:

E'en Chili bonds don't cool the rage, nor those still more romantic, sir,

For new canals to join the seas, Pacific and Atlantic, sir.

Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a share

In all the famous bubbles that amuse John Bull.

'At home we have projects too for draining surplus capital,

And honest Master Johnny of his cash to chouse;

Though t'other day, Judge Abbott gave a rather sharpish slap at all,

And Eldon launched his thunder from the upper house.

Investment banks to lend a lift to people who are undone—

Proposals for assurance—there's no end of that in London;

And one amongst the number, who in parliament now press their bills,

For lending cash at eight per cent. on coats and inexpressibles.

Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a share

In all the famous bubbles that amuse John Bull.

'No more with her bright pails the milkman's rosy daughter works,

A company must serve you now with milk and cream;

Perhaps they've some connexion with the advertising water-works,

That promise to supply you from the limpid stream.

Another body corporate would fain some pence and shillings get,

By selling fish at Hungerford, and knocking up old Billingsgate:

Another takes your linen, when its dirty, to the suds, sir,

And brings it home in carriages with four nice bits of blood, sir.

Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a share

In all the famous bubbles that amuse John Bull.

'When Greenwich coaches go by steam on roads of iron railing, sir,

How pleasant it will be to see a dozen in a line;

And ships of heavy burden over hills and valleys sailing, sir,

Shall cross from Bristol's Channel to the Tweed or Tyne.

And Dame Speculation, if she ever fully hath her ends,

Will give us docks at Bermondsey, St. Saviour's and St. Catherine's;

While side-long bridges over mud shall fill the folks with wonder, sir;

And lamp-light tunnels all day long convey the cocknies under, sir.

Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a share

In all the famous bubbles that amuse John Bull.

'A tunnel underneath the sea, from Calais straight to Dover, sir,

That qualmish folks may cross by land from shore to shore,

With sluices made to drown the French, if e'er they would come over, sir,

Has long been talk'd of, till at length 'tis thought a monstrous bore.

Amongst the many scheming folks, I take it he's no ninny, sir,

Who bargains with the Ashantees to fish the coast of Guinea, sir;

For, secretly, 'tis known, that another brilliant view he has,

Of lighting up the famous town of Timbuctoo with oil gas.

Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a share, &c.



Then a company is formed, though not yet  
advertising,  
To build, upon a splendid scale, a large bal-  
loon,  
And send up tools and broken stones for fresh  
Mac-Adamizing  
The new-discovered turnpike roads which  
cross the moon.  
But the most inviting scheme of all, is one pro-  
posed for carrying  
Large furnaces to melt the ice which hems poor  
Captain Parry in;  
They'll then have steam-boats twice a week to  
all the newly-seen land,  
And call for goods and passengers at Labrador  
and Greenland!  
Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time  
to get a share  
In all the famous bubbles that amuse John  
Bull.

The next extract also relates to the mania  
for speculation, which, as it has been the  
lion of the year, has of course been shown  
up in the journals. It is from the Birming-  
ham Gazette:—

'Rail-Roads.—Sir,—I am an admirer of  
improvement, and consequently an impartial  
spectator of the present *joint stock* system. I  
patronise in my humble way all in turn,  
though I doubt if I shall risk my money in  
any. I buy my wine of the "London Ge-  
nuine Wine Company,"—I mean to bathe  
with the "London Sea Water Company,"—  
I send my clothes to the "Steam Washing  
Company," and I'll pawn them (when I can-  
not get a dinner without) at Sir William  
Congreve and Mrs. Fry's "Joint Stock Pop  
Shop." I was always fond of company, and  
I wish them all well. We are now arrived  
at a period when every one (being fully em-  
ployed) begins to feel the want of something  
to do. Conquest has produced peace—  
peace, plenty—plenty, projects of all sorts  
and sizes; and I won't positively assert that  
I have "*no speculation in my eyes*" myself.  
The last series of projections has, however, I  
confess, startled me. The restless disposi-  
tion of some people is now beginning to ma-  
nifest itself. They prefer anything to re-  
maining as they are, although their present  
state be never so good—and, accordingly,  
their wits are at work to overthrow the  
reigning golden age, and to substitute an *iron*  
one. Is not this very hard? I don't mean  
to be ironical, but I must raise my voice in  
favour of my old friends the *turnpike-roads*  
and *canals*. Picture to yourself, sir, a well  
Mac-Adamized English road, winding  
through our richly cultivated country—view  
it as you fly over hill and dale on the top of  
a neat and trim stage coach, with its four  
prancing horses—its smart harness—its tidy  
coachman—and its spruce, jolly, red-coated,  
red-faced guard. What can be more pleas-  
ing to the eye? What man has not felt and  
owned the cheering influence of this happy  
combination, so exclusively English? And  
yet, sir, there are discontented spirits, who  
propose to take their stations at the very  
sides of our roads and canals, and rail away  
at them until they chase them from the field.  
We are threatened with the total abolition of  
all such matters. The services of the most  
noble and useful of animals are to be scorn-

ed—the horse is to be put on half-pay—the  
smiling white roads we love to look on, while  
we call to mind the times we have been  
whirled along them in search of the objects  
of our heart's best affections, are to disap-  
pear. In future, the progress of our public  
vehicles will be traced, like that of some nox-  
ious reptile, by the dingy dirty train they  
leave behind. The *whip* must yield to the  
*poker*—the coachman doff his dapper benja-  
min for a black smock-frock, and sit in  
cloudy idleness from stage to stage, or only  
vary it by twirling his smutty thumbs, and  
ever and anon, perchance, withdrawing one  
to scratch his grimy face. The guard, if he  
retain his present relative position, will both  
be a *fire-guard* and *need* one; and should  
either of these officers have any difference  
with us on the way, instead of his being as  
heretofore *rowed* by us, it is but too probable  
we may all be *blown up* by him. Henceforth  
a flying chimney will alone mark the distant  
movement of the traveller, while the spring-  
ing of an iron rattle, a profusion of black  
smoke, and a hissing of as many geese, pro-  
claim his near approach. I will not ask  
room to enumerate *all* the miseries attendant  
on the proposed reign of darkness, soot, and  
terror. I must, however, take leave to re-  
mind passengers by steam coaches, of the  
certainty of their suffering from *vapours*—  
to request them to bear in mind, that how-  
ever fast they may go *horizontally*, they run  
the imminent risk of increasing in velocity  
tenfold, should any sudden freak of the  
boiler give them a *perpendicular* direction—  
and to warn the inhabitants of London  
against sending their accustomed presents of  
oysters to their country friends by these con-  
veyances, until they have first clearly ascer-  
tained that they like them *stewed*.

'Again, sir, with respect to our old and  
pleasant-looking friends, the canals. I am  
an admirer of Nature, and prefer canals to  
rail-roads, because I would rather at any  
time wash her beautiful face than dirty it.  
Besides, water extinguishes fire; but it will  
be quite a new order of things, when fire is  
allowed to *put out* water. Is speed to be  
urged in favour of the new roads? Here I  
am afraid I must give way—not that I be-  
lieve anything is in reality to be gained in  
expedition generally—but I must admit, that  
all perishable articles will go *faster* by the  
hot conveyance than the cold one. It will  
be somewhat amusing to see packages sent  
by these fire-waggons, marked "*to be kept  
wet*," for, unless this be done, they will pro-  
bably *take*, as well as *be taken*, by fire.

'Do, good sir, lend your potent aid, at  
the commencement of the coming year, to  
avert this mass of evils, and help, by advice,  
by entreaty, by warnings, by ridicule, by  
*anything*, to thwart the designs of these iron-  
hearted speculators, who would take from  
the people of this *free* country all hopes of  
another merry Christmas. If we must be  
*slaves*, let it not be to *iron masters*—let us  
open our eyes before the accumulation of  
*smoke* renders it impossible for us to see—  
and let us, above all things, beware, lest rail-  
roads, like party, prove "the madness of  
*many* for the gain of *few*."

The following anecdotes of newspapers is  
from The Times:—

'It is a curious fact in the history of news-  
papers, that in the year 1758, when Mr. John  
Newberry, of St. Paul's Church-yard, Lon-  
don, well known as the compiler of, and  
dealer in, many excellent little books for  
"Young Masters and Misses," projected a  
newspaper, called "The Universal Chro-  
nicle, or Weekly Gazette," he engaged to  
allow Dr. Johnson a share in the profits of  
that paper, for which the latter was to furnish  
a short essay on such subjects, of a general or  
temporary nature, as might suit the taste of  
newspaper readers, and distinguish his publi-  
cation from its contemporaries. The reason  
assigned for Mr. Newberry's wishing to have  
an essay in his paper, is exceedingly curious  
to modern readers of those "folios of four  
pages;" it was, that the occurrences during  
the intervals of its publication were not suffi-  
cient to fill its columns. What a curious fact  
is this in the history of political intelligence!  
It is to this dearth of occurrences that we owe  
that collection of Essays by Johnson, called  
"The Idler," which first appeared in New-  
berry's Universal Chronicle.'—Times.

With an epigram we conclude our ex-  
tracts:—

'ON MR. MILTON, THE LIVERY-STABLE  
KEEPER.

'Two Miltons, in separate ages were born—  
The cleverer Milton, 'tis clear, we have got;  
Tho' the other had talents the world to adorn,  
This lives by his MEWS, which the other  
could not! John Bull.

The volume is embellished with twenty  
clever wood-cuts, designed by Robert Cruik-  
shank, and engraved by Bonner, and a copper-  
plate portrait of Sir Walter Scott.

*Wesleyana: a Selection of the most Important  
Passages in the Writings of the late Rev.  
John Wesley, A. M. Arranged to form a  
complete body of Divinity. With a Por-  
trait and a Biographical Sketch. 18mo.  
pp. 457. London, 1825. Booth.*

PERHAPS no individual, except the founders of  
the several religions into which the world is  
divided, ever effected a more important change  
in society, or possessed such a multitude of  
followers as John Wesley. Though not dis-  
senting from the established church, he drew  
largely from it into his own fold, and, in the  
course of a few years, established a society  
more numerous than that of any sect in this  
country, and over which he ruled, with as  
much ease and power, as a patriarch over  
his willingly obedient children. An individ-  
ual who could do this, must have been no  
common character, and, indeed, Dr. Southey,  
orthodox as he is, acknowledges that Wesley  
was a great man; that he was also a good  
man, will not be disputed; and that he did  
more in improving the moral state of society,  
and in eradicating vice and ignorance, than  
the whole established church at the time, is,  
we believe, a fact incontrovertible.

Mr. Wesley was not only an able preach-  
er, but a very prolific writer, and the recent  
publication of several memoirs of him, has  
excited a desire to obtain a knowledge of his  
views of Christianity as delineated by his  
own pen. To furnish such a view, sufficient-

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ly comprehensive and sufficiently compressed, has been the object of the editor of this work. He has, we think, been very successful in giving so complete and condensed a view of the doctrinal sentiments and theological system of the methodists, as developed and illustrated by their founder. The work is preceded by a well-written memoir of Mr. Wesley, and it cannot fail of being highly acceptable to the followers of that great man, and the professors of his faith.

*The Prophetic Almanack; or, Annual Abstract of Celestial Lore: calculated, from the Era of Human Redemption, for the Year 1826: which, besides registering and explaining the Periodical Phenomena of the Heavens, and the Ominous Tendency of Particular Configurations of the Planets, contains Salutory Precepts, and Comments on the Same; and a Poetical Pasquinade, entitled, Dry Rubs for Divers Delinquents To all which is prefixed, a Look at Ezekiel's Vision of the Holy Waters, which brings to View a Spiritual Spa for Gangrene Souls.* From the MSS. of SIR WILLON BRACHM, BART., K. T. R. London, 1825. Knight and Lacey.

We have often wished that some antiquary, biographer, or historian, would favour the world with an account of almanacks and almanack-makers, from the time of Muller, alias Regiomontanus, to that of Sir Willon Brachm, Bart., alias we know not what. We are sure an interesting volume might be made on the subject, which would be rendered more so if the author traced the art of almanack-making through the *fasti kalendares* of the Romans to the Arabs, with whom almanacks are supposed to have originated. Francis Moore and his half-starved successors would furnish an excellent chapter, as would Partridge, were it only for Swift's treatment of him: then there are the hundred and sixty-four editions of Poor Robin, who, by the by, is not a very delicate fellow: the *Speculum Anni* of Henry Season, 'licensed physician and student in the celestial sciences near Devizes': the Ladies' and Gentlemen's Diaries (excellent helps to mathematics): and we know not how many more works of the same class, the whole of which would supply materials for a more edifying and amusing book than many that are published. The last almanack and the last almanack-maker to be noticed would be the book now before us and its author, who begins his almanack with a mystifying sort of political article, entitled, Ezekiel's Vision of the Waters of Life. We had travelled more than half way through this article, wondering what was the object of it, or how it was to end, when we found Sir Willon declare 'that man must be a dunce, who sets himself a task without any ultimate object;' we further learn that Sir Willon, not wishing to be considered a dunce, of which he seemed somewhat afraid, is anxious to state, that his object is to convince the world 'that no preceding age has been so generally depraved as the present.' The proofs on which this solemn judgment is founded are not a little curious, and we therefore quote them:—

'A moralist of Harry VIII.'s time, contrasting the character of that period with all which had preceded, would say that voluptuousness and depravity had then reached their utmost pitch. One who witnessed the debaucheries and excesses of Charles II and his boon companions would, by the same rule, deem it almost impossible for vice to be carried further. These specimens, as far as they extended, were certainly gross and execrable enough; but the sphere of voluptuousness then, compared with that of our own times, was very narrow. Money being the scale by which licentiousness is to be measured and compared, let us, with this apostolic instrument, compare and estimate our own purity. During the thirty-eight years that Harry reigned, the total expenditure of the government was thirty millions; being, on the average, about £800,000 annually. The reign of Charles was thirty-six years, in the whole of which time sixty-four millions were expended, the annual average being £1,800,000. Now, comparing these sums with our annual payments, independent of interest on moneys borrowed at various times, called the national debt, and which ought not to be left out of the calculation,—making this money-business the criterion of national licentiousness, it appears that our's is about fifteen times as profligate as the reign of Charles, and about thirty-four times worse than that of Henry.'

What will our Bible Society and Home Missionary Society advocates say to this? A pretty pickle, truly, they have brought us to, if we are thirty-four times worse than the age of Henry VIII., when the monarch could send his wife to the block, because she had committed no other offence than that of outliving his liking, and when the professors of a faith obnoxious to the king might be sent to be purified by the fire in Smithfield.

Sir Willon pursues his arithmetical calculation of the relative degrees of morality at different periods, and proves, 'granting money to be the standard of gradations in vice,' (which is certainly granting a great deal,) that the means of gratifying sensuality in the reign of George III. was one hundred and twenty times greater than in the golden days of good Queen Bess.

But, to quit Sir Willon's past retrospect and present *exposé* of the affairs of England, let us come to the future, or rather to his predictions for the future, in the shape of 'timely warnings and wholesome precepts.' We always considered 'Francis Moore, Physician,' a pretty safe fortune-teller, so far as related to the weather; for he carefully coupled 'the day before or the day after' with his prediction. Sir Willon Brachm is no less cautious in his political predictions, when he tells us that, in January, 1826, the planets indicate that in Spain 'monks thirst for heretic blood,' and that 'the king is placed between two factions, in no very enviable posture.' In July, we are told, the universities 'will seem in an uproar, but not for the promotion of the gospel.' Under the month of August, Sir Willon throws out a hint which we advise Mrs. Coutts to attend to, by stopping at home; and we also caution all other his majesty's liege subjects from

disputing the claim to her hand with him of St. Alban's. Our prophetic Sir Willon says, 'Feuds are signified in Scotland, and a lady is conspicuous on the occasion; but perhaps, after all, it may only be a private quarrel and duel.'

If we are to believe our worthy baronet, the next year is to be one of great calamity: in September, Antwerp is to experience a fatal catastrophe; and in October, the cities of Lyons and Paris will 'be suddenly thrown into a terrible flurry.' In November, 'a negro intended for death shall be the author of signal events, and escape murder, to punish his murderous and usurping chief.' We might multiply these predictions, but that would be to rob Sir Willon,—besides, as he justly observes, 'to notice every event that is indicated by the various aspects which take place in the course of a revolution of the moon through the zodiac, would require far more space than the limits of an almanack;' and, if this be the case, how could we, in our limited room, give an epitome of the revolutions of a whole year of moons!

For the 'dry rubs for divers delinquents,' and the other entertaining and instructive matters in *The Prophetic Almanack*, we must refer to the work itself.

*Memoirs of Monkeys, &c. &c.* 12mo. pp. 152. London, 1825. Whittaker.

SINCE monkeys have become models for men, and we are taught to look to an animal which seems a libel on human nature, as a creature worthy of our imitation, a new interest is given to the species, and memoirs of them cannot fail of being acceptable to that public which patronises M. Mazurier, at Covent Garden Theatre, and does not hate, but even admire monkeys 'thus at second-hand.' To those persons who, 'in the catalogue pass for men,' yet imitate 'humanity so abominably,' as they do in aping the manners of their betters, this work may convey an useful moral lesson, in showing how much a monkey surpasses them in the imitative arts, while to the Mazuriers and Gouffes of the day it must prove a complete manual, and supply them with new studies for their monkey tricks. The work contains numerous anecdotes of the monkey race, all amusing and extremely well told: the compiler assures us that 'he could add several more to his collection, but as they might, though authentic and genuine histories, be thought incredible, he has deemed it more prudent to adhere to those memoirs of which no doubt can be entertained, and which require no effort to fully believe.' Without altogether agreeing with this declaration, or entering our veto against it, we shall merely observe, that the same prudent diffidence induced Mungo Park to suppress some of the most marvellous of his adventures, lest they should cast a doubt on the authenticity of his narrative. The author of *The Memoirs of Monkeys* classes his anecdotes under distinct subjects; a few of them we quote without further comment:—

'*Theatrical Monkey.*—This monkey was a follower of fashion, he voted tragedy a bore, and comedy vulgar, but admired *spectacle*, since, during the exhibition he might chatter,



or be amused without thought and without exertion.

'It was holyday time; a magic lantern was prepared for the amusement of a party of urchins and older children. Pug was of the number, evincing ecstasies of delight at the exhibition. Although he had chattered and entered into the hilarity of his companions he had not been deficient in observation. The following evening the performance was to be repeated. The lamp ready trimmed, the painted glasses, and the remainder of the apparatus were put in order on the stand. Pug, in some unknown way, entered the theatre, lighted the lamp, and began the performance; the three first glasses he accidentally inverted, and the representations were perfect; Pug's delight far exceeded what he had enjoyed the preceding evening, and he continued to chatter and change the glasses; alas! he failed to invert the fourth, fifth, and sixth, and his countenance fell; he looked at the sheet, then at the lamp—after that he examined the glass, and having scolded it, again endeavoured to produce the desired picture, but failing, became angry, withdrew the glass, and after grunting and chattering at it, broke it to atoms: the movement to accomplish this, displaced the lamp; so on the next attempt, matters were still worse; the refractory behaviour of the lamp, Pug considered as an insult to his dignity, and with loud chattering and anger, spurned it from him as violently as the hero Alnaschar spurned the basket of china on which all his hopes were founded. The crash and clamour alarmed the domestics, who ran and discovered Pug, like Caius Marius at Carthage, mourning over the ruin he had wrought. The celebrated S—h, who had watched the performer from behind the sheet, came forward and saved poor Pug from being flagellated.'

'*Astronomical Monkeys.*—Two at Cadiz were nearly seized on by the familiars of the inquisition, for being apparently disciples of Galileo. A military commander of high rank left his brass-mounted telescope at a window, from which he had been examining some batteries, newly erected by the enemy. Two philosophical monkeys, who dwelt in a small court beneath the spot, watched the general anxiously surveying the opposite coast, and, on his leaving the room, immediately climbed into the window, and seized on the instrument (a remarkably fine one by Dollond). Both were so anxious to peep, that one went to each end, but left it dissatisfied and staring at each other. The field glass being now uncovered, one returned, and to his great delight saw the moon; his joy and success were made known by a scream and loud chattering; the other leaped to the spot; the first one, fearing to lose his prize, jumped and caught at the moon he supposed to be brought into the telescope, and much wondered that it was not to be found there.'

'*The Acoustical Monkey.*—On the birthday of our late king, the guns at C— Castle were loaded and primed, preparatory to firing the accustomed salute, and the musical instruments of the band were all left upon a stand on the platform, while the performers

went away to refresh themselves. A monkey who had lived for some years in the castle, and attained so advanced a period of life, that he no longer delighted in noise and bustle, but seemed desirous of passing his latter days in tranquillity, waited, with unmonkey-like demureness, until not a man was left in the place; he then went to each of the guns, and destroyed the power of ignition, in precisely the same way as Swift affirms Captain Gulliver saved the queen of Lilliput's palace from utter destruction by conflagration. After performing this exploit, he proceeded to the stand where the instruments were left, and seized, with an angry mutter, the trumpet, an instrument which had repeatedly disturbed him; after some consideration, he put it down, and went to the shore, which was contiguous, and there loaded himself with sea-weed, with which he returned, and immediately began to stuff up the mouth of the trumpet; having completed his work, he carried off the flutes, and took refuge on the summit of a battlement, carrying his prizes with him.

'The clock struck, and the gunner applied his match to the touch-hole of the gun, but to his surprise it did not go off, he went to the second, and the third, and his dismay increased; his rage exceeded all bounds on discovering that the powder was wet. The band had taken their stations, when the flutes were all missed; and the trumpeter, on his first attempt to sound his clarion, found himself unable to produce a note. Some time elapsed before the culprit was discovered; vengeance was the order of the day, and Pug was assailed with missiles: he stood fire for some time with heroic coolness, but on a pebble striking him he was roused, and instantly commenced the action by pelting the assailants with the flutes he had carried off, and then began to use the tiles. Some tamarinds were tied to a long pole, which appeased his anger, and he gravely, but suspiciously, came down for them.'

'*Nautical Monkey.*—The Count C—er—to had a favourite monkey at his villa, near the Lake Albano; this animal was particularly fond of going with the count and his wife in a boat. This fondness for the amusement of rowing, led the count to have built a small boat, about five feet long; into this he put Pug, who, being docile, soon learned to row and manage with some dexterity his little ship. He pulled the oars evenly, and propelled the boat with considerable velocity. For a whole season, Captain Pug and his ship afforded the count and his friends great amusement. Had he stopped there, all might have continued well; but the count added a tall mast and flag to the little ship. Pug, now advanced to the rank of admiral, hoisted his flag and put to sea. By some accident the flag, got foul of the halyards, the admiral instantly went aloft to clear it, when, shocking to relate, the weight aloft was too great, and the vessel capsized, and poor Pug was consigned to a watery death before assistance could be afforded him.

'The boat and the body were brought on shore, the former is still to be seen in the hall

of the villa, and the latter was deposited in the garden.'

To these anecdotes, which are interspersed with lively and sarcastic remarks, we shall add an anecdote of mice, which shows as complete a co-operation as exists at Mr. Owen's establishment, at New Lanark, in Scotland, or that of Harmony, in the United States:—

'A gentleman, in the north of England, observed a mouse come from beneath the door of a large closet in his study, being alone, he determined to try and make friends with the little visitor; at the expiration of a fortnight he succeeded, so far as to see him come out, peer round to ascertain if either cat or dog were in the room, and then wait for the gift of a piece of buttered toast. At the end of the third week (apropos, among the wise, *confidence* is a plant of slow growth, particularly if there is a disparity in rank or fortune) the little fellow came to the rug, sat down and warmed himself by the fire, washed his face, and patiently waited for his supper, and after eating it, often stretched himself out at full length, *à la Abernethy*, to facilitate digestion; yet the animal never slept, and scampered off to his retreat at the approach of any one, or at the least unusual noise.

'One evening, a large piece of roll and butter was thrown down to mousie, who appeared delighted with the magnitude of the donation, he frisked round it, nibbled a bit, and then, with great exertion, moved it to the crevice at the bottom of the closet door. The prize was far too large to pass the aperture, and in vain did mousie push and pull. At length, tired with the exertion, he left it; great was the astonishment of my friend at hearing, a few minutes after, a rush and bustle, with much squeaking, and immediately afterwards mousie appeared from beneath the crevice, surveyed the country, and not perceiving an enemy, gave two distinct squeaks, varying a little in tone, in an instant mousie's wife and family came from beneath the door, and with demonstrations of joy, divided and subdivided the mound of bread and butter, assisted each other in pushing and pulling it through the crevice, and carried it off to their home in triumph.

'In this case there was communication of information, obedience, and mutual co-operation.'

*The Mechanics' Almanack for 1826.* Knight and Lacey.

THIS is a sheet almanack, printed in typographical art, which is more curious than important. The almanack contains the rules of the London Mechanics' Institution, an abstract of the laws regarding masters, journeymen, and apprentices, rules of benefit societies, regulations for pawnbrokers, stamp duties, &c. The embellishments, among other things, include portraits of Sir Isaac Newton, and Dr. Birbeck, and other devices, in which the author has been particularly careful not to break the second commandment; for they are neither like anything in the heavens above, on the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth.

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*The Sporting Almanack for the Year 1826*  
London, Knight and Lacey.

THIS Almanack contains the usual astronomical observations, with several records and articles of intelligence suitable to the sporting world; if, however, a little more attention had been paid to horse-racing, and a little less to slang and pugilism, the work would have been all the better for it.

(From the Pandore.)

A LETTER FROM A GREAT MAN TO ANOTHER,  
APROPOS OF THE ACADEMY.

[THE wits of Paris have been very merry at the expense of the Duke de Montmorency, lately elected acadamecian; M. de Jouy is indefatigable in his attacks, and this is one of them.]

‘THEY send us for publication the following letter, which it is pretended is addressed by M. de Montmor—to one of his fellow peers. We think we have good reasons for concluding that this precious morsel was written about the year 1766, by the courageous Marshal Saxe to the witty Marshal de Noailles—we correct the orthography of this letter, so remarkable otherwise for its clearness and good sense:—

“It has been proposed to me, kind sir, to become one of the *Academy*. I replied, however, that I did not know even how to spell, and that a place of the sort would suit me about as well as pattens for a cat. To this they politely replied that the Marshal Villars could hardly write, nor even read what he had written, and that nevertheless he found himself very much at home in his seat—what a plague it is to be so teased. The case is different with you, kind sir, and this fact strengthens my defence—nobody has more wit than you—nobody writes or speaks better—and yet they will not elect you! This puzzles me! I should be very loath to shock any body, much less a body of men, where there are to be found men of so much merit; on the other hand, I am mortally afraid of ridicule.”

ONE EVIL ALWAYS FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER.

THE successful stifle all opposition, those who conquer, dislike even the grumblings of the conquered; here they have no mercy, to complain of our hard lot is so natural, since to suffer, alas! is our certain destiny.

If literary opposition carried with it a *veto*, I could more readily conceive the reason why its exercises are so wrathful; but nothing is so indispensable as opposition in this case, towards pointing out the devious path of nonsense. By this means the game is lodged, the sifters of the press, to speak more out, beaten, and obliged to pay a fine into the bargain. One evil is ever attended by a second.

In laughing in our sleeve at the abortive efforts of a literary juggler, who parodies figures of rhetoric, and torments most cruelly our unhappy language, critics do but give him a sort of credit in the unlettered world; the librarian takes our irony for gospel—the groundlings, who are in full cry after a particular school, attach themselves to his style and sense! Why not? when ‘to sell’ is all

that is wanted—otherwise *servum pecus*, and loads of trash inundate the country of *Racine* and *Le Sage*—an usurped success of this sort engenders others. Thus *one evil ever brings on another*.

Melo-drama enriches its authors, and comedy is neglected; *speculation* takes the place of *literature*. Books are ordered according to pattern, just like so much cloth—then what happens? The printer puffs off the name of the author most in vogue, and never dreams of an *original work*. Messieurs—compile, and true genius creeps up into a garret!

We go on translating, and compiling, and puffing, and nothing is invented—men of sense and wit tremble and hold their tongues, hoping, however, for better days. Some few real swans grow impatient of inaction, follow the current—become renegades to their faith, and sacrifice to Baal!—*One misfortune is sure to be followed by another*.

If there were no *courtiers* among the academicians, it could never happen that courtiers would get into the academy (alluding to the Duke de Montmorency, whose election all Paris cry out about. One evicauses another.

Disgusted and surrounded by hypocrites, a good professor leaves the chair—first evil. Mysterious and solemn, some booby jumps into it, and the shadow of his hat scientific works wonders on its block. *Alas! one evil is never without another at its heels*.

An *indisposition* changes the play advertised for the day. The *Tartuffe* of Molière is no longer to be performed; by way of giving us something of coming after so much excellence, and to console us for its absence, Monsieur —’s play is announced. *One evil is ever followed by another*.

It was known that he was not brave, but we had yet to learn that he was dishonest into the bargain—now we know it!—*Misfortunes never come single!*

Proscriptions after civil wars—fanaticism after religious ones—courtiers after the invasion of barbarians—the plague after a famine—thief after fire—and massacres after the Edict of Nantes—after Agesilaus, alas! who? but after Attila, Holloo!—Stop there. —*Misfortunes never come single!*

#### ORIGINAL.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC AND MECHANICS’ INSTITUTIONS.

INSTITUTIONS for the dissemination of literary and scientific knowledge, among those whose vocation and circumstances exclude them from the benefit of a good education in early life, and prevent them afterwards from remedying that evil by the usual means, have now become so numerous and so general in every quarter of the kingdom, as to inspire some with alarm as to their ultimate tendency, and to become a subject of speculation and attention with all. It may not, therefore, be altogether useless to inquire how far they are calculated to promote the ends for which they have been established,—the improvement of the lower classes; as well as to what extent any evil consequences may be apprehended from them.

That the diffusion of sound and useful knowledge among the lower classes of society must prove highly beneficial not only to them, but to those who employ them, we hold to be so evident as to require no argument in proof. It is possible, however, that knowledge may be communicated to them, which may be beneficial to others, and yet hurtful to themselves; and we more than half suspect that this is exactly the case with these scientific institutes. These institutions are of two kinds; those in which lectures are delivered, and those which merely serve the purpose of reading rooms. Both, however, have the same object in view—the diffusion of scientific knowledge, and of knowledge which may enable those who acquire it to understand more thoroughly, and to execute in a better manner, the several branches of art to which they have been trained. So far this object is good; perfection in any art is a necessary consequence of intelligence, and cannot be attained without it: but the means for diffusing this intelligence are not only defective, but the intelligence itself, unless accompanied by information of a higher cast, is just as likely, if not more so, to be pernicious as beneficial. From lectures on any subject, but a small portion of knowledge is to be gained; while those who read for the purpose of reflecting on what they read, and not for the mere sake of amusement, are perfectly aware that this reading cannot be carried on with any decided advantage in a crowded room, where many others are engaged in similar occupations. These, however, along with sets of apparatus for making experiments, (more or less imperfect,) are the only means provided for the instruction of those who attend them; and when it is considered that only a very limited portion of time can be devoted by them to the attainment of this species of knowledge, it must be allowed by all, that the portion actually gained cannot be worth a great deal, and that that portion is much more likely to engender conceit and erroneous ideas, than to lead to any practical utility. We have the means of knowing, indeed, that such has been the result in several instances; nor ought it to be wondered at. What is really useful in any art and science, is always the last thing that is acquired, and the part least attended to, even by people of better education than these persons possess; and it ought not, therefore, to excite surprise, that those who attend these institutions should imagine themselves to be exceedingly wise, from having gained a knowledge of the mere terms and divisions of art and science, or that they should conceive this knowledge to be superior to any other, and pride themselves upon its acquisition as a something which ought to procure them greater estimation in society. The books which treat of science and art, treat of them as things to be known, not to be used; and the lecturers of the present day discuss them much in the same manner, and seem to have no idea that the end to which all these lead,—or at all events to which they ought to lead—is practical utility.—These institutions are, therefore, defective; they are not adapted to the accomplishment



of the end in view, even supposing that end to be good and praiseworthy, and when they have done all that they are capable of doing, they will leave their members every way much in the same state that they found them, except in giving them a much better opinion of themselves, and inspiring them with some degree of contempt for other branches of knowledge much more calculated to render them valuable subjects and members of society.

To remedy this grand defect in the scientific institutions of the day, there is actually no provision. Moral and religious knowledge is left totally out of the question, partly on the principle that every one has different notions on these subjects, and partly also, because it can be acquired as advantageously at home. The first reason has no weight, and scarcely deserves to be noticed; for, however different the religious opinions of men are, there are certain general principles both of morality and religion, in which almost all are agreed, and which might be discussed, illustrated, and enforced, much to the advantage of the hearer or reader. In regard to the second, it will be seen, that these institutions not only draw away their attention from these branches of knowledge, but have a direct tendency to make them undervalue and despise them; and much as the lower population of this land has been famed for its moral and religious advantages, we shall not be in the least surprised to see it changed in the course of no very long period, if some adequate remedy is not provided, for one of an altogether opposite nature.

They manage these things, as Sterne says, somewhat better in America, where there are also mechanics' institutions. The lectures there are *practical*, not *scientific*, as we learn from a 'report on that subject now before us:' while, by the distribution of premiums and rewards for the best specimens of workmanship in different departments, this practical utility is still further enforced, and a spirit of emulation and rivalry excited, which cannot fail to raise the national character high, in the course of time, as artificers and mechanics. There too, however, from the peculiar nature of the government, and the peculiar situation in which religion is placed, no provision is made for accompanying scientific knowledge by sound principles of morality and religion.

In regard to the danger likely to arise, in a political point of view, from the establishment of these institutions, we view it altogether as a chimera of the imagination. The members of these institutions have only to discharge their duty to themselves in order to avoid the semblance of suspicion in this respect; that is, they have only to avoid coming under the influence of political characters, which can in no one respect be beneficial to them, but may well excite feelings of jealousy and suspicion in others. If those who have been instrumental in promoting and establishing these institutions, have the improvement of those at heart for whom they pretend to labour, they will refrain from coming in contact with them in any other way than by en-

riching their libraries with the best books, and their museums with the most approved scientific apparatus;—they will not endeavour to identify them with any particular line of politics, nor strive to induce them to adopt those which they profess themselves—for the inevitable consequences of such conduct would be a general and decided prejudice against these institutions, on the part of those who think differently on political subjects, but who wish equally well to the cause of education and intellectual advancement. Let them, therefore, confine themselves strictly to that department in which they can be eminently useful—to pointing out in what way these institutions may be improved and rendered most conducive to the end proposed.

We have already said that we are no enemies to the education of the people, and we repeat, that we wish to see that education as complete and as general as its most sanguine advocates could wish; but we do not, on that account, conceive that we would be justified in praising what we deem to be either defective or injurious. We have hinted at some improvements that might be made in the system, and when a proper opportunity occurs, shall again return to the subject. Meantime, we take leave of it in the sincere hope, that what we have said may be as candidly interpreted and as usefully applied as it is well meant and honestly conceived.

### THE RAMBLES OF ASMODEUS.

NO. XXXI.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—If you or your readers have felt any interest in the adventures of your humble servant, you or they will more than once have inquired, What has become of Asmodeus? If this inquiry has been made, I alone can answer it, and now assure you that I have not suffered eight-and-forty hours to elapse since my return from a visit to the moon, where *you*, at least, know I have been for some time residing, without acquainting you with my arrival in Ayr\* Street. I have no doubt that the first thing you will expect is my journal; but the fact is, that it has so accumulated that it would far exceed your limits, and I have, therefore, determined to publish it in a bulky quarto, and have agreed with a well-known Constable in Edinburgh for the purpose. If I preferred him, it was not on account of his liberality, or any other virtue, but because, if my work failed in bulk (which I consider impossible), he will publish it in two-penny or three-penny numbers, which will, he assures me, gull the public as to cheapness, and ensure triple profits. As I am a calculating man, and have lost much (though not by *Real del Monte* shares nor any gambling in the Stock Exchange), I was anxious to secure the opinion of the critical world, and, with this view, I commenced a correspondence with the editor of the *L\*\*\*\*\*y G\*\*\*\*\*e*, whose *penchant* for anticipatory inspections you have so often (and I say unjustly) abused. It appeared to me ridiculous to wait for an opinion until the expense of printing was incurred, and I therefore sent him a copy of the first

\* Query—Ayr Street!—Printer's Devil.

sheet of my *Travels in the Moon*, written in a hand as beautiful as that of Porson; and he has promised to insert a review of the whole book (if I keep him correct as to the number of pages) in the first *crack*† number of his journal that appears. It would seem egotistical in me to quote the very flattering encomium he passes on my work, from the slight specimen I sent. I may, however, be allowed a little vanity, when I see the rest of the world has so much. He says—'We would be understood as attaching a national importance to this work (*The Rambles of Asmodeus in the Moon*); in eloquence it equals the best passages of Gibbon, while (though entirely true) the adventures it relates are more extraordinary and more interesting than the travels of Maundrell or the life of Robinson Crusoe. The author is as profound as Locke or Newton, and yet possesses as much humour as Rabelais. The language is throughout correct, often poetical, even in prose; and when Asmodeus does write poetry, of which a few specimens are given, he surpasses a Milton or a Byron, and is only equalled by our own inspired minstrel, L. E. L.'

Do not, my dear Editor, omit one line of this puff-prelude—print me as many copies of it as there are daily evening and weekly newspapers, that I may send it as an advertisement; and keep the type standing, as I mean to bill every work, from Sir George Naylor's Coronation to a child's horn-book with it; but enough of self, only I thought (considering your politeness) some apology was necessary for my *Rambles* not appearing in your pages. Fatigued, as you may well suppose I am when I state, that I ate my poached eggs at the Cock, in Fleet Street, Lunaville, on Monday evening, and have travelled nearly two hundred and forty thousand miles since, you will not expect a long letter. The fact is, that the communications from this planet to the moon have been so irregular since my patent telegraph broke, that I have not been half informed as to the occurrences on this sublunary globe. Allow me, therefore, to make a few inquiries.

Is it true, that wealth so superabounds in England, that capitalists, on their knees, entreat swindling speculators to accept and employ it?

Has Lord Nugent quarrelled with his Cook, and been dished?

Has Lord Cochrane made a million of money, or only £950,000, by his predatory warfare for, and on, the South American States?

Has the Duke of St. Alban's accepted the office of one of the lords of the bedchamber to Mrs. Coutts, and, if so, whether is he first or second lord?

How often has the Duke of York broken a leg or an arm in the last six months?

How many leaders of the Roman Catholic Association are now confined in lunatic asylums, and has a non-intercourse bill passed to prevent the planning a rebellion by the in-

† Asmodeus is gulled, and the Editor of the *L. G.* has been cracking his jokes on him.—Devil the Second.



excellent rebels in Ireland, and the ex-Irish traitors in New York?

Whether has Charles Kemble got a man to represent a monkey, or the Coburg trained a monkey to imitate Charles Kemble in his favourite characters, the expensive monkeyry of dress excepted?

Is Miss Paton really married, or is she only a tenant at will—in Sweet William Cottage near Richmond-hill?

Is it true, that five Hamlets, three Romeos, and nine Juliets, have been damned in the last two years at the winter theatres?

Can orders for Covent-Garden Theatre be obtained in Thornhaugh-street, as usual, and are civilities paid in dramatic notes as formerly?

How many actresses have, by the success of Miss Foote, been induced to tread in her steps to popularity, and who have been the ANES\* that paid the piper?

Is it true that Elliston is so much reformed, that he lives within certain prescribed rules, meditating near the scene of his former glory?

Is it true that Drury Lane Theatre is again cursed with a committee of management? that Mr. Calcraft is going to revive the *School for Fathers* of Isaac Bickerstaff, and that Mr. George Robins says he will knock down all opposition?

Has the clerk of a certain daily paper said a civil thing to any advertiser during the last four months?

Has there ever been an instance of an order to a country newspaper, to withdraw an advertisement, being acknowledged to be received in time?

When, Mr. Editor, you have answered these queries, or I have obtained satisfactory information on the subject by other means, I shall know how to shape my course. I would have sent you a chapter of my forthcoming work, but for your absurd and stilted consequence about not inserting any anticipatory notices. At all events you shall hear from me, and that soon, for neglect an old friend who may, that crime shall never (justly) be imputed to

ASMODEUS.

### BIOGRAPHY.

JEAN PAUL FREDERIC RICHTER.

GERMANY has recently lost, in this celebrated man (who died at Bayreuth, November 14), one of her most prolific and popular writers. Yet, deservedly admired as they are by his own countrymen, his productions are almost totally unknown among us, even by name; and so formidable are the difficulties which a translator would have to overcome, that it is very doubtful whether any one will ever undertake to transfer any of his numerous works into the English language. The task would require a complete familiarity with the author's peculiar genius. We are of opinion, too, that Jean Paul's works, like Wilhelm Meister, and many other productions that have obtained great popularity in Germany, would hardly please in an English dress, or satisfy an English reader. However this may be, the attempt has never, that we are aware of, yet been made, with the exception of a few fragments that appeared some time

\* Query—Haynes!—Printer's Devil.

ago in The London Magazine, from the pen of Mr. De Quincey, who offered them as a specimen of an intended 'Richteriana.' There is a fantastical extravagance—an inequality—even the Germans themselves admit this—in the writings of Jean Paul, that certainly detract much from their merit; we may add, also, a pedantry, an affectation, and an obscurity, that fatigue and distract the reader. Still an author who has excited so much enthusiastic admiration, must, undoubtedly, possess very striking and prominent beauties, although they may not be appreciated by foreigners; and, to say the truth, we believe there are very few Englishmen indeed who understand Richter sufficiently to relish him. His own countrymen, who must be allowed to be the most competent judges, esteem him for the nobleness of his sentiments, his poetic talent, his rich creative imagination, his sparkling wit, his brilliant imagery, his copious illustration, and the exuberance of his language,—for his energy both of thought and diction, his bold and luxuriant style, and the glowing colours in which he arrays every object. It has, however, been objected, by some of his critics, that, great as are the beauties of isolated parts, there is a certain want of unity of interest in his works that disappoints and dissatisfies the reader.

The writings of Richter are so numerous, that we shall not attempt to give a list of them here, as it could prove but of little interest, and the titles of many of them are absolutely untranslatable. We will, therefore, content ourselves with pointing out a few of the most remarkable; viz., The Greenland Lawsuits, Extracts from the Devil's Papers, The Invisible Lodge, Hesperus, Titan, Levana, &c.

This distinguished man was born at Wunsiedel, in the principality of Bayreuth, March 21, 1763. He was educated by his father, who was one of the preceptors at the public school at Wunsiedel, and very early gave an earnest of that talent which distinguished his literary career. He made his *debut* as an author in 1783, with his Greenland Lawsuits, which at once stamped his reputation for originality and humour.

The following notice of this distinguished writer is translated from the Frankfort papers:

'Jean Paul Richter, usually called Jean Paul, one of the most original, popular, and celebrated writers of Germany, and no less esteemed for his virtues in all the relations of social and domestic life, closed his earthly career on the evening of the 14th instant. Four years ago he lost his only son, a most promising young man, who was pursuing his studies with, perhaps, too much zeal. Since that loss, which he bore with calm resignation, the health of the worthy old man had been constantly declining. For some months past, his eye-sight had gradually decayed, till the lamp of life itself expired. He leaves two daughters and a widow to lament his loss. Valuable materials for projected works had been collected by him, with restless activity, till the angel of death called him to the land of spirits, in which he had long since been at home.'

### COUNT DE LACEPEDE.

THIS distinguished naturalist, the friend and pupil of the illustrious Buffon, whose career he followed with such success, died lately, in his 70th year. The *Histoire Naturelle des Cétacés*, and his works on *Quadrupèdes*, *Ovipares*, and *les Poissons*, place him deservedly among the first naturalists of any age or country, enriching, as they do, this department of science with the most profound research and indefatigable study.

### ANECDOTE OF THE MEXICAN GENERAL BRAVO.

GENERAL BRAVO and his family are Creoles of Mexico. His father and himself beheld with emotion the enslavement of their beloved country, and panted for the day of its emancipation from the bondage of its tyrants. They flew to arms, and the 'worker of petticoats' declared them rebels.—General Bravo's father was taken prisoner by the viceroy, and thrown into prison. His mother was employed to use her entreaties with the son.—She entered the tent. 'I am come from the viceroy, to offer you an *indulto* and every honour the king can confer on you and all your family, if you submit to his clemency, and lay down your arms. Your father's life will be spared, and your mother and family be made happy, and the highest honours of nobility will be lavished upon yourself and family, if you will forsake the cause of freedom and leave the republicans.' He surveyed for a moment his parent, while the deepest emotion took possession of his soul. He replied, 'that you are my mother I always believed; but now I doubt it. No, madam, Gen. Bravo never can consent to the enslavement of his country. Let my father die like a patriot, for I will never sell myself and country on such terms.' She returned to the viceroy, and his father was called out of his dungeon and shot.

A short time after, a regiment of Spaniards, which was considered invincible, fell in with Gen. Bravo and his little band of patriots. A battle ensued; four hundred of the Europeans were slain, and three hundred taken prisoners. The general told them, 'Now is my revenge.' Next day he called out his troops and ordered them to load; and after addressing his army, and after recapitulating the many and cold-blooded murders perpetrated by the royalists on some of the richest Creole families and best patriots, he said, 'This is the moment of showing to my enemies and the world the revenge Gen. Bravo will take upon the murderers of his father and oppressors of his country: I order your release and freedom. A vessel awaits you on the coast to carry you hence. If any one of you shall be found in this country again his life shall be the forfeit. Tell your king this is the way the republic revenges itself on its enemies.'

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

DONALD.

Written for a Gaelic Melody.

YOUNG Donald dearer loved than life  
The proud Dunallan's daughter;  
But barr'd by feudal hate and strife,  
In vain he loved and sought her.



She loved the lord of Garry's Glen—  
The chieftain of Clanronald—  
A thousand plaided Highland men  
Clasp'd the claymore for Donald.  
On Scotland rush'd the Danish hordes,  
Dunallan faced his foeman;  
Beneath him bared ten thousand swords,  
Of vassal, serf, and yeomen.  
The fray was fierce—and at its height  
Was seen a vizored stranger,  
With red blade foremost in the fight,  
Unfearing Dane and danger.  
\* Be praised, brave knight! thy steel hath  
striven  
The sharpest in the slaughter,  
Crave what thou wilt of mine—'tis given,  
Though even my darling daughter.  
The mask is fallen from his face—  
The chieftain of Clanronald!  
And foes enclasp in friends' embrace  
Dunallan with young Donald!  
Dunallan's halls ring loud with glee—  
The feast-cup glads Glengarry—  
The joy that should for ever be  
When mutual lovers marry.  
The shout and shell the revellers raise,  
Dunallan and Clanronald,  
And minstrel measures pour to praise  
Fair Catherine and her Donald! IMLAN.

## TO FAME.

O! thou that dost mislead the minds of men,  
And dazzle e'en the wisest with thy rays,  
Thou wisp that lures them from their earthly  
den,  
Then leavest them wandering in Fancy's  
maze,  
Uncomprehended things, on which the gaze  
Of millions turn, admire, yet know not why,  
Save that it is the mode, thou deity,  
At whose vain shrine myriads of human kind  
Have sacrificed each other, madly blind,  
Hast thou aught influence o'er my destiny?  
Tell me, for it were better it be told,  
Ere the warm blood of youthfulness grow cold?  
Say! shall I e'er thy heavenly heights explore,  
Or, falling, to thy shrine add one poor victim  
more. S. R. J.

## THE CHOICE.

By Mrs. Carey, author of 'Lasting Impressions.'  
GIVE me the man who boldly dares  
His inmost thoughts disclose—  
Who spurns the mask that Flattery wears,  
Nor bends to Virtue's foes.  
Who dares, when haggard Envy tries  
To blast the good man's name,  
Assert that worth her tongue denies;  
And vindicate his fame.  
Dares, too, unaw'd by rank or birth,  
His scorn of Vice avow;  
But to the man of sense and worth,  
(Though clad in rags), will bow.

## EPIGRAM ON MOORE'S LIFE OF SHERIDAN.

Moore's Life of Sheridan is this?  
The title suits not with the plan—  
Moore's life assuredly it is,  
But 'tis the death of Sheridan.

## ANOTHER.

Dear Tommy, since you've such a gift,  
Of giving your dead friends a lift,  
I wonder that you don't essay  
To try your fist on Castlereagh.

\* We do not altogether agree with the writer of these epigrams, as to Mr. Moore's Life of Sheridan; but we are never sorry that our readers should see other opinions than ours.—ED.

## FINE ARTS.

## THE CREATION—MARTIN.

'Let there be light, and there was light.'

LAST week I offered a few remarks upon the propriety of attempting to represent the Creator in a human form—of endeavouring to shadow forth, or embody an essence, incomprehensible and inconceivable, under such a substance as the imagination of a painter may suggest. In this dead season of the year, when there is little or nothing new in the world of fine arts worth commenting upon, I cannot do better than resume the same subject, and illustrate it by a few more examples; and I engage in the task more readily, because I think it has never been discussed candidly and impartially.

As to the objection repeatedly urged by those who merely look upon the surface of things, that there is a degree of levity, if not of impiety, in making such a use of the supreme Power, I think a little reflection will prove it to be entirely groundless. It should be remembered, that the sacred writings continually *personify* the Creator; it should be remembered, that almost all our prayers—that the whole of our liturgy, pure, grand, and sublime as it is, invest the Godhead with worldly titles—Lord of lords, King of kings, &c.; and it should be remembered, that the great epic of England, which no one yet has dared to charge with levity or impiety, represents the Deity, if not exactly in a human guise, at least as possessing many of the properties of mortality. To be consistent, then, in our opinions, we must allow the painter the same liberty we so willingly concede to the poet. Both, in fact, are poets: the one speaks to the eye—the other to the ear; and both, therefore, ought to be judged by the same measure. If we condemn the one, the other must fall under the same censure; and then the next step must necessarily be, to assert that the personification used in the inspired writings are unbecoming the dignity of Omnipotence—that our prayers savour of impiety—that our moralists and divines offend their Maker with the very breath that is intended to be put forth in his praise and honour—and that, every time we mention our God, we address him or speak of him in language which betokens a want of respect, or a want of religious veneration for his attributes. But who is mad enough to hazard such a doctrine? No one directly, and in so many words, but all indirectly, and in fact, who raise objections, on the plea of morality, against any attempt to affix upon the canvass an ideal representation of the Almighty. In truth, the world—at least this our western portion of it, has grown over squeamish and canting of late. Such folly must be put down.

The advantages arising from attempts of this nature are proportioned to the greatness of the design, and the difficulty of executing it. Nothing tends more, or indeed so much, to the march of knowledge, or the improving human capacity, as the attempt to create and set up an ideal perfection. If we content ourselves with the humble employment of describing and developing that only which we see and know, what advance can be

made in knowledge, arts, or science? Years may roll on and on; generations may arise and pass away from the face of creation; the world, time, everything perishable may proceed onward to its end; but man, and man's knowledge, will remain as stationary as ever,—as dark, as little, and as insignificant. They are, then, bold and daring flights which raise us from the earth on which we plod—which encourage us to exert the natural powers with which we are gifted, and which have enabled us to rear up those magnificent works of art, science, and literature, whose substance shall last for ages after the flitting beings who created them have passed away, and whose fame and memory shall endure when even they have crumbled into nothing.

'So much may serve by way of proem,  
Proceed we therefore with our poem.'

Mr. Martin's picture of The Creation, which stands at the head of this article, has been seen by, and is doubtless well known to, most of the readers of *The Literary Chronicle*. It forms one of his designs to the splendid illustrations of Milton, which his genius has given to the world. It represents the Almighty at the moment when he is imagined as sending forth his fiat, 'Let there be light—and there was light.' In the middle of the picture, the Deity is represented in the garb and figure of a man; before him is the sun, behind him the stars and moon. His right hand is held out, and the sun has burst into radiance before it; whilst the moon and stars, though yet uneffulgent, are just beginning to be tipped with the reflection. These are the general outlines of the picture, which I have hinted at merely to give a better idea of the way in which the Deity is introduced. Now the conception of this picture is very fine; perhaps it would not be overrating it, to say that it is equally sublime as the grand passage it is intended to illustrate. But Martin has spoiled all by his execution. No one should venture upon such a hazardous experiment as that of portraying the Creator, who is not a fine figure-painter. Martin's figures are all execrable; his *men* are puppets, then what must be his *Gods*? The figure, however, is partly concealed in clouds, which takes off somewhat of the ungainly appearance which most of his forms evince. Indeed, had Martin, who cannot but be conscious of his own weak points, exercised a little more judgment in this respect, he might have considerably improved his picture, and at the same time shielded himself from this objection. Instead of tracing the outline of the figure strongly and prominently, he should have obscured it entirely behind the clouds or shadows which he has thrown before it, merely leaving a hand and head protruding. This would have given a degree of mystic grandeur—an indefinite or uncertain majesty to the picture, according exactly with our vague and visionary notions of the Creator. This would have added to the sublimity of the scene; it would have left something for the imagination to speculate upon,—*atque omne ignotum pro magnifico est*. As it is, I think the conception deserving of every encomium that can be lavished upon it—I think the way in which the Deity

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is here employed by the artist in every respect worthy of that great and grand power of designing and imagining which characterizes almost all of Martin's pictures, but the execution is equally faulty and ill judged.

### THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

**DRURY LANE THEATRE.**—On Thursday evening Sheridan's inimitable comedy of the *School for Scandal* was performed at this theatre, for the purpose of Miss Kelly appearing in *Lady Teazle*. The character is not one exactly suited to this able actress; but she possesses so much talent, that there are few parts in which she will not play well. If the *Lady Teazle* of Miss Kelly was deficient in anything, it was in dignity, and the graceful ease of high life; her acting, however, was in many scenes excellent, particularly those in which either arch humour, or pathos, were to be exhibited; her quarrels and reconciliations with Sir Peter were distinguished by spirit, playfulness, and good humour; but perhaps her greatest triumph was in the scene when, in repelling the base advances of Joseph Surface, she adverts to the kindness of Sir Peter. The look, the tone, and the feeling, were all strikingly impressive, and drew forth thunders of applause. All the other actors were out of their places. Dowton, who is so excellent a Sir Oliver Surface, does not shine in Sir Peter, and Mr. Williams can no more play Sir Oliver, than he could imitate the contortions of Mazurier. Walack, too, who is excellent in Joseph Surface, had the part of Charles transferred to him. Mrs. Candour was admirably sustained by Mrs. Davison. Knight's Moses was good, and so was Browne's Sir Benjamin Backbite.

**COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.**—Clari, so admirably performed by Miss Tree, has found a new representative in Miss Paton, who plays it very well; and that clever little girl, Miss Goward, has appeared to advantage in the part of Sophia, in the comedy of the *Road to Ruin*.

A new after piece, in one long act, called the *Scapegoat*, has been produced here: the story turns on the pupil of a country pedagogue being married and the father of a boy three or four years old, while his master thought he was in love with nothing but his books. Farren played the schoolmaster admirably, and carried the piece on his own shoulders, though the *Scapegoat* narrowly escaped being d—d.

A new Hamlet, almost the only thing not wanted at this theatre, made his appearance on Monday night, in the person of Mr. Serle, from the English theatre at Brussels. In person, he is about the middle size, slender, with a countenance somewhat expressive; he appears to have a good knowledge of stage business; he gave a few new readings, as they are termed, and not always in the best taste; in many of the scenes, however, he played very well. Mr. Serle is a very painstaking actor, who 'weighs well his words before he gives them breath;' in his pauses, he is so insufferably long, that he spun out this long play about half an hour longer than usual. Mr. Serle, however, possesses talent,

and we hope to see him to more advantage hereafter.

### LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

**Royal Society.**—On Thursday, the Royal Society met at its rooms in Somerset House, to choose the officers for the ensuing year, when Sir Humphry Davy was re-elected President, and the following gentlemen were appointed the Council:—John Barrow, Esq.; John Bostock, M. D.; Sir Ashley Paston Cooper, Bart.; Benjamin Gompertz, Esq.; Stephen Groombridge, Esq.; Sir Abraham Hume, Bart.; Daniel Moore, Esq.; Richard, Earl of Mount Edgecombe; Peter Mark Roget, M. D.; James South, Esq. At the dinner, which followed, Mr. Peel announced that his Majesty had placed two annual medals, of the value of fifty guineas each, at the disposal of the council of the Royal Society, to be distributed by them as rewards for scientific discoveries. The two Copley medals were awarded to M. Arago, the Astronomer Royal of France; and to Mr. Barlow, the Professor of Mathematics in the Military Academy at Woolwich. Both these medals were given for discoveries relating to the variation of the magnetic needle.

M. Pons, professor of astronomy at Florence, discovered, on the 7th November, a comet, in the constellation of Eridanus, having about 54 degrees of right ascension, and 14 degrees south declination. It cannot be seen without the aid of a telescope; according to M. Pons, it moves about twenty minutes per day, in a south-west direction.

On the 3d ultimo, a cloud of fire was seen traversing the horizon in a direction from north to south in the arrondissement of Thionville in France; its appearance was succeeded by intense darkness.

In the press, the *History of the Assassins*, from Oriental Authorities; translated from the German of Jos. Von Hammer, with Notes and Illustrations.—The *Secret Correspondence of Madame de Maintenon and the Princess des Ursins*; from the original MSS. in the possession of the Duke de Choiseul.—The *History of the Inquisition*; a translation of the celebrated Work of Llorente, the Secretary of the Inquisition in Spain.—*Naval Sketch-book*; or, the Service Afloat and Ashore; with characteristic Reminiscences, Fragments, and Opinions, by an officer of rank.—The *Story of Isabel*, by the author of the *Favourite of Nature*.—*Tales from the German*, by George Soane, A. B.—Also, a new work, by the author of *Rameses*.

The Wernerian Society of Edinburgh held their first meeting for the season on the 19th ult. A very interesting paper was read by Henry Witham, Esq., on the discovery of live cockles in peat moss. This shell-fish was discovered by Mr. Witham about a month ago, in Yorkshire, forty miles from the sea-coast, in the course of a mineralogical excursion. He was led to the spot by a tradition which prevailed in the country of this anomalous occurrence, and found the cockles alive in the sandy bottom of a drain which had been formed through the moss. That cockles had existed in that spot for a period

of unknown antiquity, is ascertained from the name of the farm in which this peat moss occurs, and which it has borne for many centuries, viz. Cocklesbury. Specimens were laid on the table of Mr. W.; and live specimens would have been exhibited, but for the circumstance of the ditch having been frozen over when a friend visited the place, for the purpose of procuring them. The cockles are found in considerable number, and appear to be the common species of our sandy shores, *cardium edule*.—*Edinburgh Observer*.

A society of gentlemen, artists, and persons interested in the study of the human figure, have for several weeks past held their meetings in a portion of the Gallery belonging to the British Artists, in Pall Mall East. The mention of the existence of such a society may extend its benefits into new channels. At a meeting on Tuesday last, in furtherance of their useful pursuits, a comprehensive and luminous lecture was delivered by Mr. Smith, on architecture and sculpture, in which he exhibited several curious specimens of Egyptian antiquities.

New works in the press, by the author of the *English Spy*:—The *Punster's Pocket-Book*, a choice Christmas Nut for the Merry to Crack; and *Modern Meditations among the Tombs, or Portraits of the Living and the Dead*, with their autographs, illustrated with portraits and notes.

**New Mechanical Power.**—A man named Ignazio Roberto, of Troina, in Sicily, has invented a machine with which ships may be moved by hand, instead of the dangerous steam engines. Three persons, one of whom works an hour and rests himself two hours, are sufficient to move a vessel of 20 tons (40,000lbs.), and so in proportion for larger vessels. The expense of the machine is from 600 to 1000 ducats. He affirms, that he has made repeated trials of it; he offers to apply it to any vessels for which it may be required, and to indemnify the proprietor for the first two trials if the machine should not act satisfactorily.—*Milan Gazette*.

### THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

**Virtues and Vices.**—Andrea Martinetti, a celebrated artist, painted, by order of Pope Innocent VII., the four cardinal virtues, with their opposite vices. The pope not rewarding him as he expected, he said, 'Holy father, shall I paint one more vice, called Ingratitude?' 'Yes,' answered the pope, 'if you add another virtue, which is entitled Patience.'

**Aristotle.**—Aristotle has been libelled in all ages. The ancient calumniators said of him, that he spent his patrimony in riotous gluttony, then turned soldier, and, proving a coward, betook himself to the safer method of destroying men as an apothecary. He has been accused of poisoning Alexander, for which reason a Frenchman, of more Greek learning than usually falls to the share of a learned man in France, calls him equally a poisoner of soul and body. Martin Luther was of opinion that he was certainly dead and damned. There is a scurvy jest of him



in the Gesta Romanorum, how his mistress saddled and bridled him like an ass, and rode upon his back. In our own country he meets with still worse usage from those dirty book-sellers who fall under the notice of the society for the suppression of vice.

*Providential Occurrences.*—There are some persons who literally see the hand of Providence in every circumstance, however trifling, and who use the term in a way that savours somewhat of profaneness—at least to ears not quite so pious as their own. A good woman of this description, who seemed to think that Providence superintended all the minutiae of her domestic affairs, was thus reproved one day by a visitor. In the room where they happened to be sitting the servant accidentally broke two squares of glass in the window. 'How very provoking!' cried the old lady, in a tone not of the most Christian meekness. 'Say, rather, madam, how extremely providential.' 'Providential!' 'Yes, madam, for I see the glazier this very moment coming to the door.'

#### AN IMPROMPTU

*Written upon hearing of the Death of Miss Buckle, aged 80, who departed this life, last week, at Twickenham.*

Buckles, alas! being out of fashion quite,  
That no one chose this Buckle may be right;  
Old maids or bachelors we pity—not abuse;  
'Tis pity so they live, and know not what they lose;

And though this Buckle would not 'buckle to,'  
May she have joys above that here she never knew,

Should some, in hopes of love and joy here chuckle,

Let none refuse a sigh for four score-years Miss Buckle.

*Twickenham, Nov. 28, 1825.*

*Important Qualifications.*—A gay young fellow, who piqued himself on the character of a libertine, was expatiating upon the qualifications necessary to form a perfect and accomplished debauchee; when, having finished his tirade, he turned to one of the company present, who seemed to receive this sally very gravely, and whom, therefore, he wished to quiz, and asked his opinion. Not at all disconcerted at this insolence, the gentleman replied very drily: 'It appears to me, sir, that you have omitted to say anything of two of the most important and essential qualifications.' 'Indeed! and pray what may they be?' 'An excessively weak head, and a thoroughly bad heart.'

*Human Countenance.*—An old author says of the human face, 'It is, as it were, the soul abbreviated, that is, the pattern and image of the soul; her escutcheon with many quarters, representing the collection of all her titles of honour, planted and placed in the gate and fore front, to the end that men may know that here is her abode and her palace. It is as the hand of a dial, which noteth the hours and moments of time, the wheels and motions themselves being hid within: to be brief, it is the throne of beauty and love, the seat

of laughter and kissing, two things very proper and agreeable unto man.

In a schedule of the offices, fees, and services, which the Lord Wharton had with the wardenry of the west marche and captainship of the city and castle of Carlisle, about 1547, a trumpeter is rated at sixteenpence *per diem*, and a surgeon only at twelpence.

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